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QUESTIONING.

BY EDEN E. REKFOR.

Under the grass, darling,
Say, can you see
How the blue violet
Blows for the bee?
Lying all wrapped in rest,
Love, do you know
How o'er your low, green bed
Days come and go?
When by your side is laid
Those known of old,
Then do you whisper
To them thro' the mold?
Can you know aught, dear,
Of earth's good or ill
Resting so peacefully
Here on the hill?
When by your side, darling,
Touched with God's peace,
Finding from sorrow
An endless release,
They lay me down, darling,
Neath blossoms or snows,
Then through the dust, darling,
Clasp my hand close.
Clasp me, and whisper
My name, as of old,
And the warmth of the old love
Will baffle the cold.
Out of your grave, dear,
Answer me this—
Is the peace that came sweeter
Than love's long, last kiss?

Freelance,

The Cavalier Corsair;
OR,
THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Nautical Romance of the Early Years of the Nineteenth Century.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "THE CRETAN ROVER," "MERLE,
THE MUTINEER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHOUT MERCY.

THE harbor into which the corsair had sought refuge, was one of the rendezvous of the piratical hordes that were found along the coast of Morocco at the time of which I write. It was strongly fortified, and from its well-protected haven, half a dozen vessels, large and small, were wont to sail forth to cruise against the commerce of the world, and though carrying the flag of the Moor, also floated above their deck the black ensign of the pirate, which certainly was more fit to represent their dark deeds. Over this stronghold and fleet El Rais Aboukiah, or the Red Rais, held command, while he was also a chief of a mountain tribe of Moors known as the Amazergs, and a brave and warlike race of which his father had been sheik before him.

Twenty-five or six years before, an American girl, a captive, had been purchased by Sheik Aboukiah, and the Red Rais was the offspring of this ill-matched union, though the old chief-tain had always treated his fair young wife with great courtesy and kindness.

Contrary to the wish of his parents, the young Aboukiah took to the sea, and his great courage soon placed him in command of a vessel, and won for him the respect and admiration of his sultan, who made him commodore of the stronghold and fleet.

Though a bold rover, and who had won the name of the Red Rais upon account of his many victories and battles, El Rais was wont to spend a few months of each year at his mountain home with his parents, until death took from him his mother, and his father dying soon after the young corsair became chief, or sheik of the Amazergs tribe, and from their brave ranks he formed the crew of his vessel, and his will was supreme.

Upon the arrival of the corsair craft at the harbor, Launcelot Grenville beheld the tall masts and high hull of the Reindeer lying at anchor near, and around her were numerous small boats carrying her cargo ashore.

Maud recognized, also, dark though it was, the well-known rig of her father's vessel, and the tears came to her eyes, and her heart was too full to speak.

"My friends, I must still claim you as my guests, but at my quarters ashore. Come!" and El Rais approached the spot where his captives stood, and motioned to a large boat alongside.

Without a word they entered it, and the keel soon after grated upon the beach, and El Rais placed Maud on shore, and telling Launcelot to follow, led the way up the steep hillside to his quarters when on land.

Maud gazed curiously around as she entered the home of the Moor chieftain—a low-built, yet comfortable abode in the rude style of Moorish architecture, and furnished in a style that was not confined to any one land, for there was a mixture of the Oriental and European, to which many an unfortunate vessel had contributed.

Assigning Maud a pleasant room, he escorted Launcelot to another, and to their surprise they saw no guard placed over them; but then how hopeless the thought of escape in that land of the Moor.

The following morning El Rais sent for his captives, and then joined them at breakfast, for his mother's training, and experience with foreigners, had made of this strange man almost a European in taste and manners.

Both of the captives noticed that the Rais seemed moody and that his brow was clouded, so they were not surprised when he said, in his quiet way:

"This morning we must part, my friends."

Neither spoke in answer, and El Rais continued:

"A messenger from his mighty Sidi commands me to go at once on a cruise to head off a fleet of East Indian men, and I am ordered to forward my prisoners immediately under guard, to the capital."

Maud started, and her face grew livid; but Launcelot calmly asked:

"Have you many prisoners, El Rais?"



"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

"Some thirty besides yourselves, sir; but they are mostly cowardly dogs, and you could not get them to risk their lives in striking a blow for their freedom."

Launcelot Grenville's face flushed, for he saw that the Rais had read his intention. "Besides," continued the corsair chief, "the sultan's messenger is accompanied, by his own guard under the kaid of the slaves."

"Then there is no hope," groaned Maud Menken, in a broken voice.

"I must obey my sultan, lady; your escort will be ready to start within half an hour—farewell."

He held forth his hand, and Maud dropped upon her knees before him.

"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

His voice was cold and his face emotionless. "The servant who acted as my maid served your mother in the same capacity. She speaks English, and she told me you were a great chief on land as well as on the sea, and that your tribe dwelt in the mountains, a few leagues from here. Certainly a man thus powerful can ask of his sultan two unfortunate captives; he will accede to your desire, and Captain Grenville and myself can then go free, for you have noble heart in spite of the red name you bear."

Maud spoke with deepest feeling, and in a pleading tone, but the chief's face never relaxed a muscle; he would not grant her request, and said in his even tones:

"A captive of your beauty the sultan would never yield to me."

"But he has not seen me, sir," interrupted Maud.

"His messenger has, and so has the kaid of the slaves; they saw you when we landed last night. I am sorry, but I cannot grant your request."

For an instant Maud was silent, and then she said:

"You can at least let this gentleman go free?"

"I offered him his freedom and he refused it. As much as I regret it, he must be sold into bondage."

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" groaned poor Maud; but Launcelot showed no sign of dreading his fate, though in his face dwelt deep sympathy for the maiden, while he inwardly cursed his inability to aid her.

For a moment Maud seemed utterly broken-hearted; but with a great effort she controlled herself, and with haughty face and flashing eyes turned upon the chief.

"I am ready, Sir Corsair; but I am not yet the toy of a cruel tyrant."

Both the chief and Launcelot Grenville were struck with admiration at the magnificent courage of the maiden, and she certainly never looked more beautiful in her life than she did at that moment, for her form was drawn up to its full height, a flush was upon either cheek, her lips curled with scorn, and were yet resolute, while her wondrously expressive eyes flashed fire.

With a bow the chief left the room, and a few moments after a cavalcade drew up before the door, consisting of half a hundred Moorish cavalry, a score or more of miserable captives, mostly Spaniards, and among whom were several women, a gorgeously-uniformed Moor, who was the officer sent as the messenger of the sultan, and a huge negro, hideous in looks, and richly attired, whom the Rais addressed as the kaid of the slaves.

A richly-appearing horse was ready for Maud, and a slave woman brought and threw around her a veil, which completely hid her form and face.

Then the kaid of the slaves stepped forward and put out his arm to raise her to the saddle, but El Rais thrust him aside, and raising her in his arms, seated her securely, and placed the reins in her hands, the kaid scowling upon him.

"And this dog of a Christian—bind him," and the kaid turned to Launcelot, who was at once seized.

"Hold! that man rides with free arms and limbs. It is my wish that he is not bound," said El Rais, quietly.

"Upon your head be it, oh Rais," angrily replied the kaid.

"Upon my head be it, dog of an accursed race," came the quick retort.

The kaid dropped his hand upon the gemmed hilt of his sword, but he caught the flashing eye of the corsair chief, and turned away; but there was that in his look which betokened no good to Launcelot Grenville, should he give the slightest cause of offense.

A horse was then brought, and Launcelot mounting, the cavalcade moved away, the Rais lifting his silken turban to Maud, and waving a hand in farewell to his captives.

A ride of ten leagues, through a barren, rolling country, and the cavalcade came to a halt under the shadow of a low range of hills, and preparations were made for camping for the night, the captives all being considerably fatigued.

Several of the guards at once pitched a silken tent for Maud and the other female captives, and food was placed before them, while the male prisoners were allowed to shift for themselves.

Untrammelled by bonds, and his breast torn with sorrow for the fate of Maud, Launcelot Grenville walked a short distance away, but the watchful eye of the kaid was upon him, and feeling it impossible it was to escape, he threw himself down to rest, in full sight of the encampment.

Gradually the sun went down and darkness was creeping over the earth, when out from a clump of date trees dashed a band of horsemen. Like the wind they swept around the camp, and loud and rapid rung out the rattle of musketry, as the guards of the kaid fired upon them.

A moment only did the combat last, and then the attacking horsemen dashed away, while from their midst came a loud cry:

"Save me, oh, save me!"

It was the voice of Maud Menken, and Launcelot Grenville knew that she appealed to him for aid.

Instantly he sprang into the saddle of a loose steed, and dashed away; but a loud order was heard in the voice of the kaid, a volley of musketry followed, and the flying horse, with almost a human cry, fell headlong to the earth, throwing his rider far over his head, where he lay like one dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN BONDAGE.

BENEATH the shelter of a few date trees, which, grouped together above a spring of water, formed an oasis in the desert—an island of verdure surrounded by a sea of rolling sand and arid desolation—stood a man, gazing out over the wild waste of dreariness, with a far-away look that proved his thoughts had flown to other scenes than those by which he was surrounded.

He was a person of splendid physique, as his scant dress plainly showed; his hair and beard were long and dark, while his skin was tanned to the hue of copper.

Scattered among the trees, having just refreshed themselves at the cool water of the spring, were a number of camels, while flocks of hardy desert sheep cropped at the grass that grew around.

It was near the sunset hour, and like a huge ball of fire the God of Day was descending beyond the desert horizon, and altogether the scene was not unpicturesque, with the lonely man there amid the dumb brutes it was his duty to care for.

In that splendidly-formed man, in spite of the two long and cruel years of bondage he had undergone, in spite of his cruel sufferings and desert life, and notwithstanding his long and matted hair and beard, the reader cannot fail to recognize Launcelot Grenville.

Yes, Launcelot Grenville, the once proud, elegant man, now the slave of a Moor, the bondman of a cruel master, the keeper of desert flocks and camels, and in rags and loneliness, a pitiable object indeed.

But the fire in his eyes was not quenched, the fearless, resolute face was still the same, though marked by lines of physical suffering and mental

agony, heart-burnings and despair of hope on earth.

He had been taken to the Moorish capital, and had become the property of the kaid of the slaves, who sold him to a sheik of the desert, and far away he was dragged by his master to his home in that wilderness of sand. Home! Alas his home was to drift with the wild tribe from place to place, to sleep upon the sands, to eat that which was thrown to him as to a dog, from the savage who held his life in his hand—to tend the four-footed wealth of the Moor who had paid his gold for him, and to brood over his sorrows, and hope on for a time when he could escape from thralldom.

Suddenly far off on the desert his quick eye caught sight of a moving object, and he bent his gaze upon it.

"It is a camel, but mine are all in the oasis," he said, indifferently, glancing over the herd.

Nearer and nearer the camel drew, until it was evident that there was a rider upon its back.

Upon making this discovery, the herdsman stepped off a few paces, and returned with a long musket, which he leaned against the tree at his side.

Another glance at the coming camel showed him that another animal of like species followed in the wake of the leader, but that this one had no rider.

At a long, swinging pace the two camels came on, heading directly for the oasis, and with their heads stretched far in front, with that eager expectancy shown by these "ships of the desert" when they know that water is near.

In half an hour after being discovered, and just as the sun touched the horizon, the camels ran into the oasis and buried their noses in the cool spring, while the rider sprang to the ground and advanced toward the herdsman, the palms of the hands turned toward him to indicate that he was friendly.

"Allah arienak," said the stranger, quietly, and then the herdsman bade him welcome.

"I seek the flocks of Abdallah Bourkiah," responded the new-comer.

"His herds are here; I am their tender." The stranger gazed straight into the face of the speaker; and said, distinctly:

"Grenville!"

The herdsman started, and the blood rushed into his face, for that name he had not heard spoken for two long years, as his master called him Mezrah, which being interpreted means stranger.

Surely the man before him was a Moor, and yet, how could he know his name!

As he had learned to speak the language perfectly, during his years of bondage, Launcelot returned:

"Yes, I am Grenville; what would you?"

The Moor made no reply, but drew from his belt a small piece of paper and handed to the herdsman, who eagerly seized it, and beheld, written thereon, in a round hand, these words:

"Follow the bearer. His camels are the fleetest in the desert."

There was no signature, and the handwriting was not familiar to him; yet that the words were addressed to him there was no doubt, for the bearer of the note had pronounced his name.

"From where come you?" he asked. But here the man became non-committal, and pointed to the note, then to the camels, and then across the desert.

"I will go with you this night; no change can be for the worse, and what care I for danger?"

The Moor's face brightened, and going to his saddle, he untied a bundle attached to it and handed it to the herdsman, who eagerly opened it.

Within he found two serviceable pistols, a sword, and a suit of clothing, such as was worn by the Moorish merchants, together with a sum of gold, and like trinkets to serve as the "small change" of the desert, and presents for those to whom it might be necessary to give something in the course of his journeyings.

*God be with you.

Eagerly the white slave searched for another massive that might tell him more than he could find out from the one who had brought him hope, but nothing else was visible, and the Moor's mouth was sealed as to where he was going, or from whence he had come.

Having determined to go with the Moor, though he knew death would follow if overtaken by his master, he looked to the comfort of the camels, got together his store of dates, milked the camels, killed a sheep and made a stew of it, after which he invited his visitor to take supper with him, and a hearty meal the two ate, for Launcelot Grenville, with the hope of escape from his cruel captivity, felt his blood all afire, and really enjoyed his repast, humble as it was.

Then Launcelot set about preparing his package of food to carry with them; but the Moor told him he had come well-stocked with provisions, and had more than ample for both of them. Then the two lay down to rest.

An hour after midnight, Launcelot Grenville awoke, and arousing his companion, they made preparations for an immediate departure, and were soon mounted upon their swift camels and going at a fair pace over the desert.

As the day broke they discovered a party of three horsemen coming toward them, and at a glance the herdsman recognized his master, Abdallah Bourkiah, and his two brothers, who were returning from a trip to the coast.

At once he made known to his companion and guide who they were, but trusting to his disguise as a merchant, hoped to pass unrecognized by them.

With manifestations of friendship the two parties approached each other, Abdallah Bourkiah and his brothers mounted upon the swift, wiry steeds of the desert.

Not to betray himself the herdsman remained silent, and the Moor did the talking, telling lies about who they were, or rather were not, as glibly as though lying was his profession.

But all the time Abdallah was eying Launcelot closely, and as the parties separated the old sheik of the desert shook his head ominously.

Hardly had a mile divided them, when glancing back the Moor saw a camel with a rider on his back dash over a sand-hill and halt by the horsemen, at the same time pointing toward the fugitives.

"It is Nessak, the son of Abdallah," said Launcelot, calmly.

"Then let us put our camels to their speed," said the Moor.

"No, let us not drive them hard until there is need; if we are pursued now, I will fight them."

"Abdallah Bourkiah is a great sheik," the Moor suggested.

"I would kill the sultan did he stand between me and freedom," was the determined reply, and the Moor caressed his beard at the thought of any one offering harm to the great Sidi.

It was now evident that the camel-rider had gone to the oasis, and finding the herdsman not there, had started in pursuit, for he was gesticulating wildly, and the result was the four Moors turned on the track of the fugitives.

Launcelot quietly unsling the long musket he had brought with him, and placed his pistols ready for use, the Moor, who called himself Selim, following his example.

Like the wind the pursuers came on, and a stern resolve was on the face of Launcelot, for he remembered how cruel had been his treatment from the sheik and those with him, and for long months he had been nursing a hope of revenge upon them.

"Mezrah, son of an accursed race, stop at the command of thy master!" yelled Abdallah, when they came close enough to be heard.

"Sheik Abdallah, press me not, or I will kill you," cried Launcelot, in stern tones.

But the sheik feared not the slave who so long had been under his control, and, calling to his kinsmen to follow, he dashed on, a long pistol in his hand.

"I warn you off, Sheik Abdallah," said Launcelot, and he brought his musket round for use, and came to a halt.

The reply of the Moor was to fire at his slave. It was the last act of his life, for, as the bullet from his pistol whizzed above the head of Launcelot, the musket sprang to his shoulder, a report followed, and the Sheik Abdallah fell from his saddle, a dead man.

Instantly, with a pistol in each hand, Launcelot turned upon the others, crying to his companion:

"Shoot them down, or they will bring a hundred riders upon our track."

Selim at once obeyed; his musket flashed with the two pistols of Launcelot, and the weapons of their enemies.

Of the aim of the horrified and demoralized brothers and son of Abdallah was bad, and neither of the fugitives was injured, while the dropping of their foes from their horses and camel proved that they had fired unerringly.

But the son of the sheik at once sprang to his feet, and, though wounded, threw himself on the back of his father's steed, and dashed away across the desert with the speed of a bird.

"Come, Selim; it were useless to attempt to catch him. Let us take their arms and away from here," cried Launcelot, and seizing the weapons and provisions of the dead Moors, the two men mounted their fleet camels, and at a steady, swinging gait, pressed on their way, for they well knew that Abdallah's whole tribe would be in pursuit within a few hours, when warned by the sheik's son of his father's death at the hands of his slave.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMAZERGS QUEEN.

WITHIN the heart of the range of mountains that run back from the coast, a few leagues in the interior of Morocco, dwell the Amazergs, the most warlike and intelligent of the Moorish tribes, and who, under a chief who inherits the title which descends from father to son, are the most feared of any of the wandering races of that strange land.

The retreats of the Amazergs were in the fastnesses of the wild range from which they take their name, and if other than one of their tribe ever entered their secluded homes, it was as a prisoner, for they had often, when in revolt against the sultans, beaten back the trained soldiers sent against them, and conquered their own terms with the haughty Sidi.

The best horsemen of Morocco, owning the best and fleetest herd of desert or mountain steeds, armed literally from head to foot, and of

splendid physical development, they were foes that few dared to meet, and were called potent mountain lions and desert kings, for they were equally at home in scaling the lofty heights or lying across the sandy plains.

It is among this tribe that I would have my reader accompany me, and to the most pretensions of their mountain homes—a house almost modern in its build, surrounded by broad verandas, and furnished with an eye to every comfort and luxury—strange things indeed in that far region.

Half-reclining upon a silken divan out upon the cool veranda, and gazing listlessly far before her—a scene of mountain fastnesses, valleys, sparkling streams, tree-covered hills, a wide stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was a woman of surpassing loveliness, and scarcely over twenty-one or two.

Her form was exquisitely molded, and attired in the pretty costume worn by Moorish women, while the veil was thrown back over the silken turban.

A fortune in jewels was upon her person, a guitar lay at her side, a silver tray with fruit and coffee stood near, books were piled in confusion upon the floor, and all around indicated that she was a petted beauty, indulged in every whim.

And yet, though the face was beautiful, far back in the drooping eyelids a look of deep sadness, as though the roses that strewed her path did not keep the thorns out of her heart, and a sigh that broke from her slightly parted lips told that some sorrow had come upon her.

As she turned her head from the window and gazed across the sea, they fell upon two horsemen ascending the hillside toward the house, and she half-sprung from the divan as she appeared to recognize one of them.

"It is Selim—yes; but the other—no, it cannot be, and yet it may be, for it has been long since I saw him. Yes, it is, it is none other! That form I can never forget," and she arose to her feet, just as the horsemen halted near and sprung to the ground, while one of them advanced quickly, gazing intently into the face of the woman.

"Captain Grenville! Free at last! Thank Heaven!" and the woman held out both hands to greet the man who advanced toward her and sprung upon the piazza.

"Maud Menken! You then are my preserver! I have guessed it," and Launcelot Grenville bent low and kissed the hand that grasped his own.

"I saved you, yes. Would to God I could have done so long ago, but," and the beautiful face flushed crimson. "I am no longer the Maud Menken you knew, Captain Grenville, for I am the wife of—"

"The Red Rais!" broke in Launcelot.

"Yes; we were married one year ago by a Spanish priest, captured on one of the prizes taken by my husband, and I was brought unwittingly into the face of the man before her, as though hoping to see it clouded with sorrow; but no change crossed the countenance of Launcelot Grenville at the news he heard, and he sat, quietly.

"Tell me more of yourself; but first, let me congratulate you upon your escape from the harem of the sultan."

"Thank Heaven I escaped that dishonor! Nay, I would have died by my own hand, when hope had entirely left me; but El Rais is at heart a noble man, and that he truly loves me, I know, for he has proven it."

"Unable to save me, openly, from the fate for which I was intended, he arranged that his mountain horsemen should kidnap me that night when we camped, and I was brought hither."

"The Sidi turned at the loss of a victim, of course, but it was said the desert robbers had stolen me, and he attached no blame to El Rais, who kept it a deep secret that I was here."

"You, it was said, were killed in the attack upon the camp, and bitterly I mourned for you, and so did El Rais, for it was his intention to have purchased you, and in the end to give you your freedom."

"A week after my coming here, El Rais arrived, and frankly told me of his love for me, begging me to become his wife."

"I asked for a year to consider, told him that I was cast down in grief for the death of my father and myself, and he gladly gave me the promise that I should go free at the end of that time, if I did not then love him."

"But, during those twelve months he proved himself so noble, and in so many little ways showed his true manhood, that from admiration, my regard turned to respect and love, and he yielded to my wish to have a priest unite us, and one year ago he has been his wife and the Queen of the Amazons, and though I am not happy in this land of the Moors, I am at least at peace."

"I believe that you have acted wisely, Maud, and I hope every happiness may be attendant upon it. I will never forget that you saved me from a fate more cruel than death," and Launcelot Grenville chuckled at the thought of his long captivity.

"Let me tell you about that; a few months ago El Rais was called to see the sultan, and while in the city learned in some way that you had not been killed, as we believed, but were sold into slavery to a sheik of the desert, Abdallah Bourkhi, and I immediately determined to send a trusty messenger to seek for you, and you, and you know not how happy I am that you are once more free. How you must have suffered, you only can tell."

"It seems like a long, horrible dream to me now; but, God forever bless you, fair Queen of the Amazons, for saving me from the hideous nightmare. But the Rais—where is he?"

"He returns to-night, and will be delighted to see you, for he has spoken of making you, should Selim return successful from his search, a *Bash Soto Rais*, his own vessel, which the sultan had built for him, and which he does not intend to command, as he will leave the sea, and dwell here among his people."

"I am homeless and hopeless, fair queen, but I do not think I could accept the offer."

"You could do much good by so doing, as Mesurah Rais, the man whom the Sidi has appointed to command her in place of El Rais, is a monster inhuman, and was to be the poor captives whom he takes!"

Launcelot Grenville seemed deeply moved by the words of the Amazon queen, and he became a Moor by adoption; why should not he, especially when it was in his power to do much good as an officer?

A corsair he must be, it was true, and yet he was becoming reckless as to what he made of him, and he said, after an instant's deliberation: "If El Rais makes me *Bash Soto Rais*, I will accept it, come what may, for I am but the foot-ball of Fate."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 489.)

A Day at Miller's Bayou.

A Fishing Trip in Louisiana.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

ABUNDANTLY rich in piscatorial treasures is the fair Southern land, or waters rather, to "speak by the card," and about two years ago the writer, in company with two chums, made quite an extensive tour of the Soc. h, going down by way of the Atlantic Coast Line to New Orleans, and then by steamers up the river to Cairo, stopping at certain points on the way to enjoy the sport common to the locality.

We had stayed for a week in Mobile enjoying the pleasures of that pleasant city, and then had taken the New Orleans train, one bright Sunday morning, with intent to lay over for a day at Miller's Bayou, on Lake Catherine, quite near to the Crescent City, there to try the famous fishing-grounds so dear to the hearts of the gentlemen of "Orleans."

* Lieutenant-in-chief, of the United States Army.

There were three of us, inseparable companions for some years when the sports of food and field were to be enjoyed—the major, the doctor and myself.

Through the kindness of the conductor of the train, whose acquaintance I had made at the hotel, I was introduced to the engineer, the commander-in-chief of the mighty monster which was to transport us safely and almost with the speed of the wind to our destination.

"Take the colonel in the 'cab' and give him a chance to shoot an alligator or two on the way," the conductor suggested.

Eagerly I accepted the invitation, and when the train "pulled" out for New Orleans I had a "reserved seat" on the engine.

As the engineer explained to me as we rode along, the Mobile, New Orleans and Texas road

—to give it its full title—runs all the way from Mobile to New Orleans through a low, flat country, as level as one's hand, and nine-tenths of the way nothing but a marsh.

The road-bed is slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, and the graders in building the road excavated a wide trench on each side of it, and this being filled by stagnant water afforded a secure lurking-place for the alligators.

The railroad track being but little used, the monsters are fond of crawling up on it for the purpose of basking in the sun, and on the approach of the trains the sluggish reptiles, disturbed in their slumber, plunge into the ditch.

"All you can see of them is a bit of their head, and as to shooting them from the train, why, you can shoot all you want, but I would be willing to agree to give a hundred dollars expense for all you kill," the engineer said.

And experience proved that he was perfectly correct; the bullets rattled off the heads of the reptiles like so many peas, and when at Pausanias I joined my companions in the car, I had to stand quite a number of jokes in regard to the alligators that my unerring aim had slain.

In due time we arrived at Miller's Bayou and disembarked.

An extremely primitive settlement is Miller's—about three houses on a shell island on the prairie, near the shores of Lake Catherine.

"We'll have to rough it now," the major remarked, while the doctor, who is blessed by nature with a goodly amount of flesh and an appetite to match, heaved a sigh, for after a week's sojourn at the Battle House, Mobile's best hotel, the fisherman's shanty did not seem to promise anything but scanty fare.

But the doctor had not experienced the hospitality of Southern "yuppies," above, and he was destined to be agreeably disappointed.

The supper was excellent—a brace of ducks roasted; a chowder-like mess of stewed fish; fresh venison steaks broiled, and oh! so different to the tasteless trash that is sold in the bighted inhabitants of the big cities, and which a true woodman would cast in contempt to his dogs; sweet potatoes, corn bread and a good cup of strong coffee; why, it was a supper fit for Jove himself!

The bunks, too, were clean and comfortable, and altogether we unanimously voted that Miller's Bayou's "hotel" was a trifle ahead of anything in the hotel line that we had ever come across in our travels.

"Tom," the guide, who was to go with us in the morning, and who was confidently assured that what Tom didn't know about Lake Catherine and the lagoons adjacent wasn't worth knowing.

"Ducks or fish?" asked Tom.

"Fish to-morrow," I replied, acting as spokesman for the others.

The doctor was the "boss" angler of our crowd.

"Red-fish, sheephead, green trout and a few bass, maybe," the guide answered.

"Red-fish?" queried the major; "that is the same I presume as red-snappers."

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "a different fish altogether."

"And I judge that the fish you call green trout is in reality no relation whatever to the true trout of the Northern waters," the doctor observed.

"So I heard gentlemen say oftens," Tom replied, "but I ain't learned 'bout such things. I've allers heard 'em called green trout ever since I knew what a fish was."

"It is probably what is called a weak-fish at the North," I observed, eager to contribute my share to the discussion. "The weak-fish after you get south of the Chesapeake is generally called a trout, although in reality he has not the slightest right to the name. I have caught him in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, as a red trout, and in deep-sea fishing off the mouth of the Savannah river as the sea trout."

"To-morrow!" till the story," suggested the doctor, and then we all turned in for the night.

Bright and early with the breaking of the dawn we were roused from our bunks, and having made a substantial breakfast on fried fish and the remains of the roasted ducks, we sallied forth.

The sun was just rising, and the blue waters of the bayou as blue as the sky above, were gently rippled by the fresh morning breeze.

The pirogue was in waiting, and the moment the doctor's eyes fell upon this frail craft, he shook his head, dubiously.

The pirogue is a dug-out of the Southern waters, and an extremely frail, uncertain sort of a craft it is, too.

"Gentlemen, really I am somewhat reluctant to trust my rather portly form in this peculiar boat," he protested.

"But, as Tom so strongly protested that there wasn't any danger, the doctor was finally persuaded to embark."

The guide took us at once to a favorite spot for red-fish, "right on the edge of the channel," as he explained; then we baited our hooks with the shrimp that were so numerous.

The major was the first man to be favored by fortune. He felt a vigorous tug at his line. With a single turn of the wrist he fixed the hook in the jaws of the "denizen of the deep," and proceeded to bag his prey.

Up over the side of the boat came a good-sized weak-fish.

"That's a green trout," said our guide.

By this time I had had a vigorous bite, hooked my prize, and a whooper he was, if his struggles proved anything.

Backbone for him made a most desperate fight for his liberty; but both line and hook held, and finally I drew over the side of the dug-out as nice a four-pound striped bass as any man would wish to see.

"Yield him up in triumph."

"I'll be hanged if I understand why I don't get anything!" the doctor exclaimed, in disgust.

And, in truth, it was strange, for in a minute or two more, the major secured a couple of fine fish; then I got a two-pound sheephead, and Tom three splendid red-fish in rapid succession; still no bite agitated the doctor's line. It was very odd, for generally he was the champion angler of our party.

He began to get angered, but he kept a "stiff upper lip," and bantered us by saying that he wasn't after little two or three pound fishes, but when he fished he caught big ones, he did!

Many a true word is spoken in jest, for hardly had he finished the speech when a most tremendous fish almost jerked the line from his hand, and, forgetting entirely the cranky nature of the pirogue, he sprung to his feet, and, in a second, over went the boat, and fish, tackle, and we humans were all sprawling in the rather chilly waters. Neither the doctor nor the major could swim a stroke, but they clung to the boat, while Tom and myself guided it to the shore, which luckily was not far off.

This finished our day's fishing, for the doctor declared emphatically that nothing would ever induce him to risk his life in such a miserable boat again, and the major remarked dryly that if the doctor went he certainly should not.

But it was glorious sport, while it lasted, and never again will I take rod in hand without thinking of that day's enjoyment on Miller's Bayou.

BEAUTY THAT WILL NOT FADE.

BY JOSIE C. MALOTT.

Maud has flashing black eyes,

And a haughty air,

And cheeks the hue of roses,

And braids of jetty hair.

She reigns a belle and beauty

Where fashion holds its sway,

And always at ball or party

Is witty and gay.

The praise and adulation

Her grace and style command

Have made her vain and selfish—

None more so in the land.

At home she sulks and worries

And mopes through all the day,

And reads the latest novel

In a listless way.

And royally she queens it

O'er the common herd,

But for their grief and trouble

She has no kindly word.

She does not waste her pity

On those who earn their bread,

And the hungry and the needy

She has not clothed or fed;

And how her sister Nellie

Can spend her time and means

In tending on the poor and sick

Amid such haughty scenes.

Is past her comprehension.

This favored child of wealth,

Who never came in contact

With trouble or ill health.

Papa calls Nellie "Sunbeam,"

And loves her best of all;

Perhaps her face resembles

One hanging on the wall—

A little country maiden,

Who shared his hearth and home

Just ten short years, then went to live

Where sorrow cannot come.

And Nellie bears her mother's name,

And has her quiet ways,

And brightens up the grand old home

Through dark and dreary days.

Maud's beauty will not always last—

Time robs the face and form.

The beauty of the soul lives on

Through sunshine and through storm.

The Pink of the Pacific;

OR,
The Adventures of a Stowaway.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LANDLADY OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN, CAPTAIN BODFIELD, was instructed not to mention on board of the Belle of the Bay the astonishing event which had just come to his knowledge, for justice might be done by Mr. Dunwood were informed that his ill-gotten fortune was in danger of slipping out of his possession.

"I am almost sorry I told him," said the commander, musing, after the captain of the Belle had departed.

"He won't say a word about the matter to Mr. Dunwood," replied Pink. "He liked his position on board of the brig very much at first; but since he has found out what sort of a man the owner is, I know he would like to get out of her."

"But my mission in Koti is accomplished; and I have no further business here," continued Captain Fairfield. "I told the rajah last night that I must soon return to my own country. We must get ready to leave the yacht in a few days."

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "a different fish altogether."

"And I judge that the fish you call green trout is in reality no relation whatever to the true trout of the Northern waters," the doctor observed.

"So I heard gentlemen say oftens," Tom replied, "but I ain't learned 'bout such things. I've allers heard 'em called green trout ever since I knew what a fish was."

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But it was glorious sport, while it lasted, and never again will I take rod in hand without thinking of that day's enjoyment on Miller's Bayou.

"I don't mean to take any of it. I drank some of it on board of a Malay prau; and that was enough to last me as long as I live," replied Pink.

The blameworthy of the maidens were in vain, and Pink refused even to taste of the trunk. It would have been better for the young warriors if they had done the same; but they could not resist the persuasions and ridicule of the sirens. One after another they tumbled over backward, blind drunk and insensible; whereas the fair attendants laughed as though they had perpetrated a most stupendous joke. But the Dyaks are generally very temperate, and never get drunk unless enticed to intoxication by the females.

At one side of the platform were some older chiefs, who prided themselves upon their strong heads. They drank all that was brought to them, and though they were rather boozey, they were able to hold their heads up to the end. There was no quarrelling at the feast, in spite of the quantity of trunk consumed, for the young men were too drunk and the old ones too dignified to fight. At midnight the commander and his son went on board of the prau and returned to their home.

The next morning Pink went on board of the Annie. She was a schooner of a hundred and sixty tons; and her owner said she had taken the first prize every time she had sailed in a regatta before he purchased her. She was fitted up with every convenience and luxury which the voyager can have on shipboard. She had six large state-rooms, besides a dozen berths in her cabin. Her sails, which had been housed while she was laid up, were in excellent condition, and had been bent under the direction of Captain Fairfield. Pink thought she was fully equal to the Belle of the Bay; and her owner was sure she would outlast the brig in the long run.

The fore and main-sails were hoisted, and with the captain at the helm, the schooner stood down the river. A long stop had to be made at the town while the commander of the forces took leave of the rajah and his officers, but before night the vessel was out of the river, and standing up the Strait. At the end of the fifth day she was in the harbor of Manila. The Belle of the Bay was at anchor there; but the pilot said the family had gone on an excursion to the interior of the island.

"I had hoped they would have left before we got here," said Captain Fairfield. "As it is, I am glad they are not in town; and you must not be seen by any one that belongs to the brig."

"Except Captain Bodfield," suggested Pink. "If we could see him alone, it would do no harm; but he is likely to have some of his people with him if he comes on board of the Annie, and I don't want to be seen by them."

"The Imperial Crown; it is kept by an Englishman. It is not twenty steps from here," replied the shopkeeper.

Father and son walked to the Imperial Crown, and received a hearty welcome from the landlady. A dinner was ordered, and the captain read the English papers till it was ready. Pink wandered about the establishment; and every time he saw the landlady, he stopped to study her features. He thought he had seen him before, but he was not sure. He went out into the street to read the sign. Under the title of the hotel, was the name, "Frederick McIntosh."

It was all plain enough to him now; the landlady had kept a hotel in Sydney, and the circus entered was to be the same. But the young athlete had grown six inches since he was in the circus, and in his altered dress the man did not recognize him.

Pink hastened to tell his father of the discovery he had made; but the captain did not regard it as of any importance. While they were talking about it, they were called to dinner. They were waited upon by Chinese servants; but a woman who appeared to be the landlady came in to see that everything was properly done. Pink had seen her also in Sydney; but she did not know him now.

"What is the matter, father?" asked Pink, as Captain Fairfield put his head almost down to his plate, and seemed to be acting very strangely.

"Are you sick?"

"No, my son; don't notice me now," replied the captain, in a low tone.

In a few minutes the landlady left the room. "That woman is Sally Burnup, who was your nurse, Eliot," said Captain Fairfield.

A WEARY WHILE.

BY ARDIE C. McKEEVER.

A weary while, a weary while,
Oh, pitiless, cruel sea,
And only the waves to kiss my feet
And sorrow bring to me.

Oh, laughing waves! oh, mocking waves!
With your voices low and sweet,
I have heard your stories o'er and o'er,
Then why the tale repeat—

"The ship is lost! the ship is lost!"
I catch the low refrain;
The sky grows dark, the waves are black,
And the day is full of pain.

A sail! A sail! I see afar,
And hope creeps up and goes;
The sky is bright, the day is fair,
And the waves of the sea are blue.

'Tis Robin's ship! I am faint with joy;
I can only sit and weep!
"The ship is safe! The ship is safe!"
The waves sing at my feet!

Iron Wrist,

The Swordmaster of Copenhagen.

A TALE OF COURT AND CAMP.

BY COL. THOMAS HOYER MONSTERY,
CHAMPION-AT-ARMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWO SWORDMASTERS.

WHEN Olaf, the swordmaster, arrived in Postville, he found that the route led through the center of the little town, the post-house being in the market-place; and Ivan Dembinski, evincing great fear as they entered the square, at seeing an officer with a squad of Cossacks, sitting on horseback in front of the station.

"We are lost," he ejaculated. "They have orders to arrest us."

"One is never so lost as he breathes," responded Iron Wrist, sententiously.

Then they drove up to the station.

"Horses, quick, for the service of his imperial majesty. I have dispatches for the Grand Duke Constantine and must overtake him," cried Olaf.

"Not so fast," was the response of the Cossack officer, in a tone of irony. "Fine feathers do not make a captain if he lacks a commission. Who are you, my young friend?"

The officer was a large, portly man with a big red mustache, and he was evidently disposed to look with contempt on the boyish face of Olaf.

"I am Colonel Count Olaf Svensen of Copenhagen," returned our hero, proudly, giving for the first time his surname. "I am swordmaster-general to the czar of all the Russias, and acting under his majesty's orders. Behold my instructions."

And he drew forth the embossed parchment given him by Nicholas, and displayed it before the eyes of the Cossack.

To his surprise the other only laughed scornfully.

"Have heard of you for an impostor," he said. "The police telegraph has sent your description. You stole that paper, and the real Count Olaf is still in St. Petersburg."

In a moment Olaf had leaped to the ground and came up to the Cossack officer.

"Do you deny I am Count Olaf?" he asked, with his peculiar smile.

"I know you are not. You are merely an impostor."

"Indeed?" replied the Dane, with a still more polite smile. "I mean you should be able to prove it on me. I have heard that you Cossacks think you can use a sword. Get off, and I will show you if I am Count Olaf or an impostor."

With an angry laugh the big officer swung himself to the ground and faced Olaf.

"Fool!" he cried, "do you know that I am Demetri Solitoff, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk (regiment)."

"So much the better," answered Olaf, with the same engaging smile. "I should be ashamed to fight an amateur, but as you are a professional it is all right. Be pleased to draw, Lieutenant Solitoff, and I will show you that I am swordmaster-general and that you are a bungler."

The other Cossacks looked on in wonder. The brilliant uniform of Olaf impressed them with a sense of uncertainty as to his status, even after the words of their own commander, and they were too fond of a fight to interfere, even in the market-place, before two officers.

Lieutenant Solitoff immediately drew his saber. He honestly believed the truth of Strogoff's wily message, which indeed was well calculated to veil the true state of affairs and secure Olaf's arrest.

The chief of police was constantly trying new plans, and the nearer he came to the Grand Duke Constantine, the greater became the danger if he revealed the truth. In the inflammable state of the country, any revelation of an attempt to arrest a leading follower of Constantine would have been the signal for a disturbance and the probable defeat of Strogoff's plans. Still Solitoff, however honestly he believed the message, was a good swordsman, and he realized the moment that Olaf drew his saber, that he had no common adversary.

Instead of rushing on, he stood on the defensive. Olaf laughed at him and began to taunt him.

"If I am an impostor, why do you not advance, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?"

"If you are the swordmaster-general, it is your place to attack," answered the Cossack, cautiously.

Instantly Olaf stamped his foot and advanced on the Cossack making a circular feint and throwing himself open, to tempt the other to cut.

The bait took, for Solitoff made a furious blow at the Dane's left shoulder.

In a moment it was parried, and with a quick turn of the wrist Olaf laid the other's right cheek open.

It was a light slash, but it angered the Cossack to see his own blood drawn so easily.

With an angry curse he sprung back, and then made a desperate thrust in fierce at Olaf's breast.

Bang! Clash!

With a sharp downward blow Olaf struck the saber almost to the earth, and with a second blow, slanting up, sent it flying over the heads of several Cossacks.

"Well, Solitoff, am I an impostor?" he asked, fiercely, for the clash of swords always put up the Dane's blood.

The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

"My lord is no impostor; he is fit to be swordmaster to the czar," was his answer. "I apologize."

With a grim smile Olaf drew out his handkerchief and wiped from his blade a few drops of blood.

"Then I trust to you to see that we do not want for horses," was his comment. "This lady is a dear friend of the Grand Duke Constantine and I am escorting her to him, besides obeying my orders. You are a soldier and understand these things."

The Cossack was perfectly transformed. No sooner did he find that he was in the presence of a real master, than he became eager to do him every possible service; for he adored the members of his own craft in exact proportion to their superiority to himself.

Hastily stanching the blood from his cheek by holding his handkerchief against it, without trying to bind it up, he began to hector the postmaster for his delays, and in a few minutes had a fresh change of horses out, with an additional span to lead behind.

At Olaf's demand, he was also supplied with a saddle-horse, and it was just as they were all ready for departure that Count Strogoff drove up and electrified every one by his imperious order to "Arrest that man, in the name of the czar."

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned pale as he recognized the minister.

Lieutenant Solitoff was honestly puzzled. He did not know what to do. He recognized the minister of police, but he had gone too far in Olaf's favor to recede at once.

"Why, count," he said, in a deprecatory tone, "this is the colonel swordmaster-general, under orders from his majesty—"

"Fool," interrupted Strogoff, angrily, "do you not know me?"

"Certainly, count, but—"

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

The lieutenant looked still more puzzled. He recognized the new order, but he also had seen the old one.

"But this gentleman has an order, too, count."

"Stolen from its proper possessor, Count Olaf. I tell you, man is an impostor, and the woman is nothing more than a decoy."

"Stop!" suddenly shouted Olaf, riding up to the side of the tarantass. "One word against the lady, and I will chastise you in public."

As he spoke, he glared at Strogoff in his peculiar fashion when he chose—a look that had caused brave men to shrink before that.

The minister of police turned pale than ever, but commanded his emotions.

"I call on all here to help me arrest this man for treason to the czar," he cried, appealing to the bystanders.

"Whip up, Nicolai!" he will follow," answered Olaf, cutting short the colloquy. "Let a man offer to stop you, and he disobeys the order of the czar."

The stolid Nicolai instantly obeyed, and the tarantass with the Princess Natalie rolled away, while Olaf drew his sword and reined up before the minister's carriage.

"Lieutenant Solitoff," he shouted, "as swordmaster-general, and your superior officer, I order you to take your men back to the barracks."

"Do you belong to the army or the police?"

"To the army, colonel," responded the Cossack, promptly.

"And are you going to obey my orders or those of this gasconading police minister?"

"I swear, colonel, I don't know what to do."

"Then take your men back and leave me to the police. Let this Strogoff arrest me if he dares. You hear my order, sir?"

The swordmaster had struck the right key, for Lieutenant Solitoff saluted.

"Do you take the responsibility, colonel?"

"I do, sir. Be off."

Instantly the officer of Cossacks wheeled his horse and rode off to the barracks followed by his men, leaving Strogoff in the market-place, pale with rage.

Olaf rode up to the tarantass, shook his sword at the minister and said, fiercely:

"Now, sir, follow me if you dare."

Then he sheathed his sword, wheeled round and galloped away after his party.

Strogoff, left to himself for a moment, sunk back on his pillows, pale with conflicting emotions. He had failed again.

But the minister of police was not quite beaten yet and soon showed Olaf.

"Put in fresh horses," he commanded.

Then he added, in a loud, bitter tone, so as to be heard by all the idlers who had congregated round them to stare:

"You people of Postville will be sorry for this. I will teach you what it is to disobey the orders of the czar when I come back from Wilna with that man a prisoner. We will see if he will fool Colonel Platoff as he has fooled your men here. Put in those horses quickly!"

The staid minister, glad to get rid of the conflict of authorities he hurried, the new horses; and a few moments later Strogoff drove out of Postville in hot pursuit of the escaping party.

He saw the tarantass about two miles ahead of him on the road to Wilna, and gave orders to his servants:

"Keep them in sight, but do not press them. Our fight will come at Wilna."

CHAPTER XX.

It was late that night and approaching the morning when the Dembinski party entered the town of Wilna.

Olaf and his faithful Cossack had at last given way to fatigue and were fast asleep, in the box of the tarantass, the other in the vehicle itself, while Prince Ivan and his servant had taken their places on horseback. The selfish and haughty young prince had only consented to this arrangement when he saw that his protectors were actually sinking under the exertions, and after Natalie—clear-headed than her brother—had insisted on the change.

All danger seemed to them to have passed; at least they had no more trouble about getting horses, all the way to Wilna.

So long as Olaf and Nicolai kept awake and daylight lasted, indeed, the danger had been much lessened; but during the night, and while these faithful guardians slumbered, their relentless pursuer, Strogoff, had not been idle.

At the last station before reaching Wilna he had sent a long message to be signalled by the lanterns of the semaphore through the night, and that dispatched, ordered his men to drive on faster, so as to enter Wilna ahead of the fugitives.

Had Olaf been awake this would never have happened, but in the darkness of the night, with a broad, open plain covered with short grass on which to travel, while Ivan Dembinski and his servant were fully occupied in trying to keep awake, the minister found it comparatively easy thing to slip by, and dashed up to the Wilna post-house nearly ten minutes before the Dembinski party arrived.

That ten minutes was fully utilized by the sagacious Strogoff. His previous dispatch had warned the police of his coming, and he found a party of ten men waiting, armed with big sticks.

He gave his instructions rapidly and clearly.

"A party is coming up with a tarantass and two men on horseback. As soon as it arrives, on either side of the main street, the horsemen to beat them over the head with sticks till they are quiet. Then you will lead the horses of the tarantass into the stable of the post-house and leave the tarantass outside. Do not hurt the people in the vehicle. There is only a lady, and she is not dangerous."

That done, the wily minister ordered his own carriage to be taken away, while he waited for the new-comers.

It was not long before the rumble of wheels was heard, and they saw the tarantass accompanied by the two horsemen, coming up the street at a weary canter.

It halted before the post-house, and one of the horsemen rode up to the gate, where all was silent and dark.

"Horses, quick," he shouted, in an imperious tone; but before he had time to say more, half a dozen men leaped out on him, pulled him off his horse in a moment, and began to beat him over the head.

One short exclamation of fear was heard, and then only the dull thuds of the sticks.

The cry of the first victim was echoed by another behind the carriage, and the second horseman wheeled round and galloped down the street at full speed.

Then all was still, and the horses stood panting in the tarantass as Strogoff came out to see what had been done by his myrmidons.

"Where are the men?"

"Here, excellency. We have the boldest one killed for your excellency, but the other ran away."

"Have the people in the tarantass been hurt?"

"No, excellency. They seem to be asleep."

Strogoff advanced to the side of the vehicle and peered in. He could see a dark form at each end of the carriage, but there was not light enough to distinguish anything else, and the regular breathing convinced him that both people were asleep.

On the box lay a third figure, which snored so loud that there was no mistaking its character.

Quietly, and without any unnecessary dis-

turbance, the tarantass was led away, but not to the stable. There was a police barracks at Wilna, with a walled courtyard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was drawn, the horses taken out and led away, while Strogoff locked the gate and put the key in his pocket. Then he breathed freely.

"Now, my fire-eating friend," he ejaculated, triumphantly, "we have squared our accounts at last. I think. It will puzzle even Natalie Dembinski, with all her arts to get out of that place; and as for you—"

He suddenly started.

It occurred to him for the first time to inquire whether the man who had been beaten was really the swordmaster, or whether the Dane was the one who had escaped.

Impressed with a nameless fear, he went back to the scene of the first fracas, called for a lantern and examined the face and figure of the insensible man.

It was not the swordmaster.

It was not a Cossack, neither.

Count Strogoff entered a cry of surprise.

"It is the son of Andrew, the prince's coachman," he ejaculated. "Then one of the men in the coach must be the swordmaster or his Cossack."

No sooner had he conceived this idea than he became anxious to find out if it were true.

Quietly he went back to the barrack-yard, followed by his men.

"Be ready, when I give the word, to strike hard at the man I shall point out to you," he said.

The police officers grasped their sticks and nodded. They did not intend to speak much.

Quietly Strogoff unlocked the gate and threw it open, leaving the key in the lock.

"If this be the man I think, he is dangerous," he whispered. "He may beat you all. If he does, run out after him and catch him."

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The police officers began to look uneasy, but they followed their leader, nevertheless.

Quietly they approached the tarantass. Strogoff lifted the latch and peered in.

As he did so he uttered an exclamation of wonder. The tarantass was empty.

"Guard yourselves. The devil is unchained!" he cried, all in a tremble, and the next moment he heard the click of the lock as the gate slammed to.

With a wild cry, the whole party rushed to the entrance and looked out.

Three figures, one of them a woman, were walking rapidly away, and turned the corner, out of sight, a moment later.

The minister of police was tricked again.

In a moment he comprehended that the quick-witted swordmaster had been shamming sleep, and had made his escape once more, under the cover of the darkness.

"Rouse the police," he cried aloud, in his desperation. "Rouse the town, some of you. Is there no way out?"

"Yes, your excellency," said one of the men. "I have a master-key. They cannot get any horses, for the stables are locked."

"Galloped away after his party."

Strogoff, left to himself for a moment, sunk back on his pillows, pale with conflicting emotions. He had failed again.

But the minister of police was not quite beaten yet and soon showed Olaf.

"Put in fresh horses," he commanded.

Then he added, in a loud, bitter tone, so as to be heard by all the idlers who had congregated round them to stare:

"You people of Postville will be sorry for this. I will teach you what it is to disobey the orders of the czar when I come back from Wilna with that man a prisoner. We will see if he will fool Colonel Platoff as he has fooled your men here. Put in those horses quickly!"

The staid minister, glad to get rid of the conflict of authorities he hurried, the new horses; and a few moments later Strogoff drove out of Postville in hot pursuit of the escaping party.

He saw the tarantass about two miles ahead of him on the road to Wilna, and gave orders to his servants:

"Keep them in sight, but do not press them. Our fight will come at Wilna."

CHAPTER XX.

It was late that night and approaching the morning when the Dembinski party entered the town of Wilna.

Olaf and his faithful Cossack had at last given way to fatigue and were fast asleep, in the box of the tarantass, the other in the vehicle itself, while Prince Ivan and his servant had taken their places on horseback. The selfish and haughty young prince had only consented to this arrangement when he saw that his protectors were actually sinking under the exertions, and after Natalie—clear-headed than her brother—had insisted on the change.

All danger seemed to them to have passed; at least they had no more trouble about getting horses, all the way to Wilna.

So long as Olaf and Nicolai kept awake and daylight lasted, indeed, the danger had been much lessened; but during the night, and while these faithful guardians slumbered, their relentless pursuer, Strogoff, had not been idle.

At the last station before reaching Wilna he had sent a long message to be signalled by the lanterns of the semaphore through the night, and that dispatched, ordered his men to drive on faster, so as to enter Wilna ahead of the fugitives.

Had Olaf been awake this would never have happened, but in the darkness of the night, with a broad, open plain covered with short grass on which to travel, while Ivan Dembinski and his servant were fully occupied in trying to keep awake, the minister found it comparatively easy thing to slip by, and dashed up to the Wilna post-house nearly ten minutes before the Dembinski party arrived.

That ten minutes was fully utilized by the sagacious Strogoff. His previous dispatch had warned the police of his coming, and he found a party of ten men waiting, armed with big sticks.

He gave his instructions rapidly and clearly.

"A party is coming up with a tarantass and two men on horseback. As soon as it arrives, on either side of the main street, the horsemen to beat them over the head with sticks till they are quiet. Then you will lead the horses of the tarantass into the stable of the post-house and leave the tarantass outside. Do not hurt the people in the vehicle. There is only a lady, and she is not dangerous."

That done, the wily minister ordered his own carriage to be taken away, while he waited for the new-comers.

It was not long before the rumble of wheels was heard, and they saw the tarantass accompanied by the two horsemen, coming up the street at a weary canter.

It halted before the post-house, and one of the horsemen rode up to the gate, where all was silent and dark.

"Horses, quick," he shouted, in an imperious tone; but before he had time to say more, half a dozen men leaped out on him, pulled him off his horse in a moment, and began to beat him over the head.

One short exclamation of fear was heard, and then only the dull thuds of the sticks.

The cry of the first victim was echoed by another behind the carriage, and the second horseman wheeled round and galloped down the street at full speed.

Then all was still, and the horses stood panting in the tarantass as Strogoff came out to see what had been done by his myrmidons.

"Where are the men?"

"Here, excellency. We have the boldest one killed for your excellency, but the other ran away."

"Have the people in the tarantass been hurt?"

"No, excellency. They seem to be asleep."

Strogoff advanced to the side of the vehicle and peered in. He could see a dark form at each end of the carriage, but there was not light enough to distinguish anything else, and the regular breathing convinced him that both people were asleep.

On the box lay a third figure, which snored so loud that there was no mistaking its character.

Quietly, and without any unnecessary dis-

tinged all my nerves. It is not agreeable, you know—the thought that an ornament as bold as I may call me to a personal reckoning."

"Well, Governor, I'll allow that it is kinder ugly," the sheriff admitted.

"In fact it has come to my knowledge that the bloods of the town are offering bets as to whether I will be able to get out of the town or not."

The sheriff stared.

"Oh, it's a fact!" the politician asserted. "I was sitting by the open window not ten minutes ago and overheard a conversation between a couple of sports. 'I'll go you an even bet that he don't get out of the valley alive,' said one! 'Make it the town and I'll take you' replied the other. 'Oh, no, I want odds if you bet that way,' said the first man. 'It ain't likely, you know, that he will go for his right in the town, he'll be apt to salivate him on the road to Yreka.'"

"Sho! you don't say so!" Dancer exclaimed, amazed.

"It is a fact, sir," the politician protested, emphatically. "Of course there was nothing to connect me with the bet, in any way, in what I had heard, but in some mysterious manner it instantly flashed upon me that I was the person referred to, and that it was my life or death they were betting on, and so I listened attentively."

"Well, in my opinion," said the second man, "he'll be mighty apt to go for him right here in the town, for that's the kind of man he is; the more foolhardy the job the better he'll suit him. I ain't giving odds in this hyer matter, but I will go you ten to ten that Talbot will make a vacancy in the governorship afore either of us is a week older."

"Oh, well, your excellency, that was all idle talk, you know," the sheriff remarked, anxious to relieve the Governor's mind of the weight of anxiety that was brooding so heavily upon it.

"It may be idle talk, but it ain't at all agreeable," the politician retorted. "I'm not a nervous man, and I reckon that I don't lack back-bone, but the idea that some one is lurking somewhere around me, ready at the first favorable opportunity to blow out my brains with a shot-gun—"

"Or a pistol is his weapon."

"Well, the hearer doesn't signify; it is quite enough that he is looking for a chance to 'salivate' me, to use the expression that they seem to be fond of up in this region. Why, sir, the idea is perfectly awful; there is no doubt whatever in my mind that I ain't a close game of being underver, but I don't know any time I may venture to show my nose out of doors, or for that matter, I don't suppose I am much safer even in this house. Why, it would be the easiest matter in the world for him to knock at this door and fix his eyes on me, and the chances are that he would get off, shot-free. From what I have seen of men and manners since I have been up in this region, I have come to the conclusion that there are not many men in this town who would stand up to him."

"I don't know," said the politician, "but I have seen of men and manners since I have been up in this region, I have come to the conclusion that there are not many men in this town who would stand up to him."

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OR,

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It is not of remote or foreign interest, but is

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

in New York city and suburban aristocratic social circles, that will add much to the author's already fine reputation.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

"A PARSON," whose query we partially answer elsewhere, writes:

"I am opposed to light literature, on principle, because I believe it is feeding the mind on unreal food and discourages the better reading."

It is singular what blindness affects some people. One has a color blindness, and cannot distinguish blue from green, or green from gray, or gray from purple. Another has obliquity of vision, and always sees things where they are not. Still another will not be able to tell a man from a mirror across a room. But, our friend, the Parson, has the old-time blindness that sees no good in anything that is not "serious."

Well, Parson, a man may "smile, and smile, and still be a villain;" and he may be ever so serious and self-complacently fixed in a creed or belief and yet be a fool; so it is not that literature is "light" or "heavy" that determines its value as an educator and civilizer. It is its spirit and intent. A right-down good novel is infinitely to be preferred, as an educator, to a volume of homiletics and dogmatics, for the conclusive reason that everybody reads the novel and nobody reads the homiletics.

Therefore, without discussing the comparative and relative merits of novels and homiletics, it seems to us, Parson, that you are very impractical, (would we not be justified in saying—*stupid*?) in relegating light literature to the proscribed list. Don't you think the Ontario clergyman, whose letter we quoted in our last issue, is the wiser man in himself reading and enjoying and commending a good and spirited popular paper? Such a paper is a "mirror held up to Nature," that nothing but experience in life can equal for the actual knowledge it discloses,

of men, manners and things; and as the human mind is eager for food, we are sure it is infinitely better, for the young especially, to have a healthful light literature to read, than to daily sup on the horrors and sensations of the daily press.

A "story paper," Parson, if it is properly catered for, is Society's best friend, even before the parsons themselves, much as they are worth as ministers of good—that is about the way the case stands now, if the world isn't a huge lie, and we don't think it is. It is a huge fact, and he who does not read it aright, and treat it sensibly, had better not get in its way.

Sunshine Papers.

The Uses and Abuses—

Or legs—masculine and feminine! There! That is my subject, and if you do not like it you are perfectly at liberty to lay aside the JOURNAL without reading this week's "Sunshine." And you may rest assured that no one's heart will be broken by such procedure on your part!

That legs have their uses cannot be denied; nor that they have played a part in all of the world's great achievements. They have carried the pilgrim to his shrine, the warrior to the battle-field, the explorer into distant lands, the physician to the sick, the clergyman to the dying, the athlete to his goal. They have quivered in the air, flashed in the sea, run and leaped and danced on the land. They have paced the wards of hospitals, flitted from cellar to attic and from attic to cellar in the never-ending round of housewifery, waited tirelessly in the ball-room and helped to bear the actress, and lectures, and dressers, and lawyers, into places of remuneration and honor. And though it is to be presumed that every one who possesses a sound pair of these important appendages finds plentiful services for them to perform, I am strongly of the belief that there are no legs in existence that have yet fulfilled their very best purposes.

Pre-eminently legs are of use in walking. But half the people I know seem not to be aware of this, while a few are over-conscious of it. There are young men and women who can glide through the Lancers, and whirl, in the waltz, most of the night, but must jump in a car stage to ride six blocks; gentlemen whom the dyspepsia is making savage and disagreeable, who will not walk the once a day to business that would, conquer it; ladies who grow pale, and old, and inviolated before their time for lack of daily exercise out of doors.

Why, good people, do you imagine that you were provided with legs that you might carry them about in cars and stages? I do not; I believe they were given you to trot the six or seven miles, or less, that lie between your home and the place of your daily avocation; and if you tell me that you ride to save time, I will answer you that such a confession is only a disgrace to you. For if ever you had put your legs, from childhood up, to their proper use, you would be able to walk, comfortably, almost as rapidly as you could travel on any horse-car or omnibus. But even if you lose a little time, what are time and money in comparison with the possession of a vigorous frame, a strong constitution, and the laying of the foundation for a hale old age, and a race of handsome, healthy Americans?

An English girl thinks nothing of walking five miles and back before breakfast or after tea; but how many American girls can walk a fifth of that distance—two miles—without being entirely used up? A few, I know, have been on jolly long tramps with some, such—but, how many? One in every fifty, perhaps; and I suspect that is a good percentage. And yet, feminine legs are designed for peripatetic uses as surely as masculine ones.

Walking is an art, a healthy and graceful art, and it should be cultivated as assiduously as dancing. And when America's young legs, feminine and masculine alike, can prettily and tirelessly carry their owners over from one to twenty miles a day, in the open air, and every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, we shall have fewer broken-down young men and sickly young women, while we should then be able to boast even higher mental culture.

Running, leaping and climbing are other uses to which legs should be put. And while girls are young they should be encouraged to practice these exercises, equally with boys; they develop the muscles, add suppleness to the figure, and impart beauty of motion. Any young lady should be proud to be known as a light, swift, graceful runner.

And one of the uses to which every pair of legs—male and female, I make no distinction—within reach of the sea-shore, lakeside, river-course, or even a good-sized pond, should be put, is swimming; while none should ever be ignorant of the beautiful art of moving in rhythm to dance music.

Oh, you long-faced, thin-cheeked, yellow-skinned, solemn-countenanced, physical and spiritual invalids, you need not hold up your hands in holy horror at me, and roll your eyes toward the ceiling as if invoking righteous maledictions upon my devoted head. You only make me laugh. I do not mind you one bit! Did I not intimate that legs had their abuses as well as uses?

Because I say every pair of legs that comes into the world should learn to dance, do not mean that every pair should dance the can-can, or dance in all places, or in questionable company, or to the ruin of health, or for a profession; else I would be recommending abuses instead of good uses to legs.

One of the abuses of legs is to allow them to engage their owner in foolhardy undertakings and dangerous experiments, for the mere sake of notoriety; while another abuse is to keep them still when their service might save life, or help a suffering fellow-creature. It is an abuse of legs to use them for performing gymnastics in a pulpit, or for kicking dumb beasts, or for propelling a creditor down stairs.

It is an abuse of legs to use them in tests of endurance that break down the nervous system and ruin the constitution. It is an abuse of legs to keep them idly on a chair when father or mother needs a favor done. It is an abuse of legs to never send them on errands of kindness and charity. It is—but why enumerate? Just meditate upon this subject of uses and abuses of legs, my dear readers, and ask yourselves whether your legs are ever given over to abuses, or always to their very best uses? It is not a light matter, if you do smile over it.

But let me whisper, before I close, to all owners of legs that wear pantaloons, that those members were not given them for the express purpose of blockading the aisles of cars and saloons of ferry-boats, as one man out of every five seems to think! No, my dear Sirs. That is a delusion. Your legs are not especially designed for the ruin of your neighbor's

property; and I would recommend that the first abuse you guilty creatures undertake to abolish is the monopolizing more than your share of public conveyances; and tripping ladies and pious men, who cannot indulge in the relief of ever so little a swear, over your horizontal extremities; and wiping the mud from your dainty and exposed feet upon the garments of the passing crowd.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

How often we are deceived by people, and how little it takes to deceive us! I mean how often we judge people by their manner, and how sadly we are mistaken sometimes. I have two classes now in view, types of which have often presented themselves to my notice and I have often wondered why it is that we do not take persons for what they are and not what they seem to be. We ought to look more into hearts and less into faces and voices. But, how much there is in this world we ought to do—that we know we ought to do—yet leave undone!

Have you not met the demonstrative person? She fairly bubbles over with delight at seeing you; there is a great deal of "gush" in her composition. She overwhelms you with wishes and kisses, until you would think you were her "dearest friend," and that life without your society would be unendurable to her. These protestations of undying friendship are too lavish to be real or lasting—given to too many to make you think you are a favored one.

At a funeral your demonstrative person seems to have tears always at her command—often forced and hardly ever real; her feelings carry her away until one, not acquainted with her, is led to say: "What a tender heart! How keenly she feels for others' sorrows and misfortunes!"

I don't mean to imply, or lead you to believe, that I think the intense joy or sorrow expressed by these demonstrative individuals is all assumed, always, for such is far from my thoughts. Some are more prone to show their feelings for the very reason that they cannot keep them to themselves; but that is not a proof that others, who are not so ready to express what they feel, have less heart, or are incapable of being as much pleased with joy or touched with grief.

I call to my mind one whom we have always deemed cold and haughty because she ever appeared so statue-like in her manner. Nothing seemed to move her, until we often thought she must be made of ice. We have accused her of lack of sympathy and feeling, but we misjudged her because we did not understand her. Her fault was that she was un-demonstrative—something she could not help. Demonstrations caused by gladness or by sorrow were foreign to her nature. She could not parade her feelings before the world, but she was not heartless. She did not express as much as some others, but she may have felt more.

Yes, she felt, and keenly, too, for others in trouble. Those in affliction seemed bound to her by the bond of sympathy, for many and grievous were the crosses she herself had to bear—and she had many kind words of encouragement and many a deed of goodness for them. Hers was a somewhat lonely life because she had been deprived of both kith and kin, and she had few friends because some deemed her unapproachable. Even this cut her to the heart, because she was called so cold. She suffered, but suffered in silence. She loved her "own" while they were with her, and valued them for their worth, but they could not probe into her heart and read the love that was there; even they seemed to believe she was too ice-like because she could not make an exhibition of that love.

And have you not met just such individuals, and have you not read them wrongly—accused them of a lack of feeling and of heart, and given them no credit for what they deserve? Some there are who cannot conceal their emotions and others who cannot show them.

Have you never held up a stereoscopic view before you and thought what a poor idea of the original place it gave and then placed it in the stereoscope and were so delighted and amazed at the beauty, the change and clearness, that it seemed like reality itself? Now if we could put some of these hearts, we deem so cold and marble-like, into a stereoscope of humanity we would see that they beat with warm affection, deep sympathy and true nobility. Pity some! Edison cannot give us such an instrument for examining real characters.

Ah, yes! Many go through life but little understood, and unappreciated; it is only when the form is laid away in the grave that we learn what was the true worth of the loved and lost.

Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Some Summer Suggestions.

THE weather has every appearance of becoming hot and exciting, umbrellas and thermometers are going up, and paper collars and human flesh are writing down, notes are falling due every day, and your wife's relations have begun to move your way. There will be a great deal more weather this season than you ever saw in your life, and it behooves you to try and survive it the best way that you can.

In the first place, destroy your thermometers about the house; for why should you desire to know just exactly how hot it is? You might otherwise remain in blissful ignorance of it.

I really know of nothing more cooling and healthy in hot weather than being honest. I have tried it myself at odd times when I had nothing else on hand particularly to do, and I can commend it as worthy a trial, now and then.

Do not go to bed without saying your prayers or having your wife say them for you; this keeps your conscience serene and quiet, especially in hot weather, and affords you the most delightful and refreshing sleep.

Allow nothing to disturb your serenity. If a man flies up and tells you plainly that you are the biggest liar for a small man he ever saw, and should come close to proving it, just keep still and tell him you will postpone the balance of the affair till next winter, and if he is inclined to lick you, do not over-exert yourself by running away down the hot and dusty street. Keep cool and endeavor to get him to lick somebody else.

Above all things avoid running too much around over town in the heat, hunting up people that you owe; wait until cooler weather, if it takes years.

Be careful how you eat green things this weather; eat sparingly of Paris green; do not eat cucumbers while they are green; avoid eating green sea-turtle at your clubs and drink lightly of green seal. Cabbages also while they are green are very unhealthy in summer. Ice-water, to be healthy and harmless, should sit on the stove for at least five minutes; this will take off the chill, and ice-cream should be thoroughly thawed out—both of these are very deleterious to good health at this season, and young men should be thoughtful enough to try and impress it on the minds of young ladies of whom they have sole control—or *vice versa* they had.

You should endeavor to avoid sitting in cold churches during this heated term. Where the sexton forgets and leaves all the windows wide open and also the doors, allowing the chilly air to circulate as it pleases, is hardly the place to go, for there you are liable to get measured for a cold which may send you to kingdom Cumberland.

When you go down-street always carry your umbrella well before you; this will prevent the heat from blowing on you. If you have no umbrella try to keep the heat off by holding a cane before you.

Be thankful if you are so fortunate as to have water on the brain, for you will be in little danger of being sunstruck, and if you should be sunstruck you cannot possibly have a chance to strike back.

You should by all means carefully abstain from over-exerting yourself by carrying all your money from one room into another and piling it up, at least while the thermometer is so strong—and unhealthy.

A straw hat with the crown neatly torn out, and linen pants extremely short will afford excellent ventilation for your head and feet.

It would be a very nice thing if you could hire a windmill to sleep in, these nights.

You can honestly pray for storms now, and need not disdain to raise a small storm with your wife, and in the days of fierce sunshine you can even welcome clouds of sorrow in your sky.

While you may easily run up an account you should by no means try to run it down; that is too killing work at this time of the year.

When it gets so hot that a three-inch board won't cast a shadow you had better go into the cellar, being careful that the sun's rays do not strike the chimney and run down the lightning-rod into the cellar. You can devote all your spare time to the invention of a sun-rod to prevent the sun from striking your house.

People who live in glass houses—your neighbors—will find they are pretty hot residences this summer, and they had better move out.

If you find it too hard work to attend to your own and other people's business, this kind of weather, you had better let up on one or the other of them—even if your own. You may not have a lazy bone in your body, but oh! the muscles!

Now is as good a time as any for your wives to talk about a trip to Saratoga and Newport. It is a prolific subject for conversation, and you should encourage them in it.

You will find that accounts of people freezing to death in the Arctic regions—regions where the ark landed—more entertaining reading than you imagined before.

If the sun keeps on getting nearer and nearer to the earth there will be great danger of an eclipse of the moon, and everything will be as effectually dried up as a mince-pie at a railroad restaurant.

The nights are now so hot that the very rays of the moon, pale but not cold, scorch you, and you are compelled to carry an umbrella for fear you will get moonstruck.

You need not jaw your wife now when you sit down to a cold meal, nor frown at her cold looks.

Young people finding the parlors are too warm even for young love, will find it convenient to adjourn to the front gate—the gates of Gaze-ah!

Be sure and wear thin clothes; your spring clothes, if worn enough, will probably be sufficiently thin.

Men who think they are carrying the world on their shoulders had better take it off now and sit down in the shade to rest a little bit.

Oh, for the shade of immortal Shakespeare! Foreverly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—A recent scientist states that in order to obtain a kilo of sugar, bees must suck 7,500,000 distinct flower tubes, and thus to secure a pound of honey 2,500,000 visits must be made.

—According to the official report of a telegraph company in Sumatra, it is no easy matter to keep the wires in operation in that tropical country. Their most redoubtable enemies are the wild elephants. In May of last year these animals completely destroyed a line eighteen miles long. Where the wires lead through the jungles the workmen engaged in putting them up and keeping them in repair are frequently interrupted by attacks from buffaloes, tigers and bears. More troublesome still are the monkeys, which use the poles and wires for gymnastic exercises, and take a peculiar pleasure in stealing the glass insulators.

—"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the *Liverpool Mercury*, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals, when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering." Now let somebody go and get the small-pox and test this tartar cure. Any politician out of a job will here find "something good to do."

—Three female descendants of Massasoit, and of John Sassamon, the Indian educated at Harvard, are now living near Lakeville, Mass. They are a mother and two daughters, their name is Mitchell, and they are of unmixed Indian blood. They are all well educated, and hold a good deal of inherited land in Massachusetts. They take great pride in their descent, and one of the daughters wears a perfect Indian costume. In spite of her academy training she has been heard to say that if she had been in the place of the Pilgrims to live through the first winter. After all, her feelings may not be unnatural. Probably the Saxons felt very much that way about the Normans.

—The last school report of Ohio gives the school population of that State as 1,041,963, and of this number only about 70 per cent. were enrolled in the schools, and only 60 per cent. were in average daily attendance. The State has 11,979 school-houses, and to conduct the work 16,092 teachers are necessary. The actual employment of 23,391 teachers during last year shows that Ohio indulges too much in rapid rotation in the teacher's office. Only 23,817 pupils are reported as studying American history, and only 1,300 took up general history, while not one was occupied with the study of civil government. German is studied by 40,427 pupils, and French by 468. The colored schools of the State instruct 4,829 pupils, and have 262 teachers.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "We Pass Along;" "Edward;" "A Redwood Ride;" "The Poisoned Ring;" "Stay, Darling, Stay!" "A Rose on the Brest;" "The Rope's End Tragically;" "The Late Mr. Plunk;" "A Good-For-Nothing;" "Sixteen or Sixty;" "The Missouri Ranch Ghost;" "A Detective Detected."

Declined: "A Tramp;" "The Silver Cross;" "The Gate of Babylon;" "Eugenia's Curse;" "Jesse's Secret;" "Taking Bogardus;" "A Lesson in Plumbing;" "A Mountain Nymph's Strategy;" "Little Charlie's Brownie;" "A Kiss and a Sigh;" "The Man with Two Wives;" "In Armes;" "Stockings and Gloves;" "Ninety and Nine."

J. M. S., Baltimore. The tournament is "closed." See No. 490 of STAR JOURNAL.

F. McC. Poem better in conception than in expression. It is faulty in several respects.

O. N. E. If the guardian is inexorable wait until the lady is of age. Do nothing to compromise her prospects.

CHANCE. Answered by mail.—No young man should

a second time place himself in a position to be slighted

or snubbed by a lady.

L. A. T. Answered by mail. The ambition is a laudable one, but success can only come of experience, and the knowledge it should bring.

T. K. No special proportions are essential. Try three of water to one of glycerine. If the fusion is not perfect add a few drops of carbolic acid of full strength.

ROVER. We can supply the numbers from 400 upward, but no further back. We presume you can obtain a full set of the JOURNAL from the beginning, by advertising.

S. T. D. You can send on a specimen sketch and we will then decide.—Gunsmiths usually remove rust by the use of emery. We know nothing of the guns you mention. Be careful that the twist barrel is twist and not an acid imitation of corrosion.

KITTY. A lover has no special "rights," and if, because he is a lover, he asserts authority over you—f forbidding you other society in his absence, etc.—his love is more masterful than his love. Just as a maidenly "rights," and tell him to find some other woman to dictate to and command.

LUMA. The lady may have no right to be offended, yet, if you win her love from her, the feeling of anger and jealousy is rather to be expected. If you do not expect or wish to have the gentleman for a lover, why not decline his advances? Better be a friend to the lady than an enemy, certainly.

ONIEDA BELLE. Don't be in a hurry. You are too young for engagement. Wait. A girl at sixteen is not a girl, not a woman. As your choice at twenty-four would not be the one of sixteen, industry better for you to remain heart and hand free and enjoy your girlhood fully. When you are a woman grown then marry and be happy.

J. C. O. Lincoln was born in Hardin Co., Kentucky, February 12th, 1800.—Your weight is light, and your height under the average for a boy of fifteen.—Your writing is good, but spelling is correct. Philadelphia is one-third less in population than New York city.—The population of Kansas is increasing so rapidly that its present number is unknown.

NANCY ANN NERRE. The best lavatory adjunct to soap is the so-called *mild* soap, which is prepared, ready, as follows: Put into a small bottle two ounces of rose-water, one teaspoonful of the oil of sweet almonds, and a few drops of perfume. Shake the bottle until the whole is combined, and you have a very nice cosmetic to apply to the skin after washing.

CLARK G. You can get a gold pen pointed for fifty cents, and it will be like new. Often a gold pen gets out of order by the point splitting. Take it at the shaft, between the thumb and fore-finger, and draw the fingers firmly down to the point. This will bend the points in place. Never try to right them by bending the point upon the nail or a hard substance.

H. LA P. Some of the best ranchmen and herders are small, little persons. Your height and weight are under the average for a boy of nineteen, but if of well-knit frame and sound constitution you are well qualified for such service. There of course is but one way to find such work—to go where it is wanted. We personally know of no opening. You might write to Hon. Wm. F. Cody, Fort Union, New Mexico, stating your wishes and inclosing stamp for reply.

MAJOR E. E. We know very little about the relative merits of the several schemes. There is so little stability in any of the governments of the world that it is almost impossible to say which is the best. The plan to cross the Isthmus of Panama is adopted there must be some protectorate over it vested in foreign hands, and pages placed in their reversed order for the reader, betray carelessness or laziness that an editor is not apt to excuse. If authors will understand that the more perfect the manuscript, the better the chance of an early and candid consideration by the editor, they will, perhaps, be more careful to submit only what is well prepared copy. Your MS. was simply not read, for we had no hours to waste over it.

B. S. H., Muskegon, writes: "I want your opinion regarding my jumping, and if 8 ft. standing jump and 19 ft. running, 3 ft. 4 in. in two jumps, off from one inch rise, are noticeable for one seventeen years old, weighing 110 lbs. and measuring 5 ft. 7 in. These are jumps made every day, and on dry days, during the day it is an excellent plan to do a few seed-beds or little young plants with light cloth or paper, to protect them from the direct heat-rays."

LEAVES P. Manuscripts coming without being properly packed, and pages placed in their reversed order for the reader, betray carelessness or laziness that an editor is not apt to excuse. If authors will understand that the more perfect the manuscript, the better the chance of an early and candid consideration by the editor, they will, perhaps, be more careful to submit only what is well prepared copy. Your MS. was simply not read, for we had no hours to waste over it.

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POSSY HENSHAW. You can make very pretty bracelets and necklaces from the little periwinkle shells found at the seashore. Select the prettiest ones, and all of a size, and boil and cleanse them, then string upon silver wire, points downward. Or, with a coarse darning-needle, make the hole in each shell and sew them upon black velvet ribbons. In this way you can have them as many rows wide as you please, and turn a pretty pendant of ribbon and shells to the neck. Wild roses, and other dry seeds, little ornaments cut out of bark and pasted upon velvet, are all used by ingenious young ladies for making personal ornaments, to wear while at summer resorts.

ANNA B. writes: "Will you settle a vexed question for a friend and myself? A married gentleman came to play croquet with me. He was a very nice man, engaged, and my husband went to keep it, while I stayed to finish the game with our guest, promising to go later. As soon as the game was finished the gentleman went away, and my husband offered to escort me to where I was going, though it was dark and it would have taken him but little out of his way. Do you think that was gentlemanly? No one would have certainly have taken you to the object of your destination, even had it been quite a distance, after you had stayed to entertain him. It was extremely rude to leave you to go alone."

ERGENE. When the opportunity offers embrace it, and if the experience is satisfactory you can then decide as to the course to adopt. To share the good you must of course take some of the other match ought not to be any risk if you proceed with common sense methods. If one or two trials make you decide that the pursuit is not feasible with that partner, and you are quite sure you will find both pleasure and profit in adhering to your plans, take another friend into your confidence and try until you are satisfied with the result. Probably they will induce you to "faint heart never won fair lady" that nothing desirable is attained without adherence to a settled plan to secure the required end. The "good time coming" comes only to those who command the situation—not to those who fold their hands and say, "I can't."—"I am afraid."—"I wait." Little long.

MADELINE writes: "My father is rich, and I have a sister, a little older than myself, who is about to marry a rich young man. Now the young man of this gentleman, who is a good match for me as far as wealth and position goes, loves me. As his brother and my sister are to be married with the consent of my parents, do you think it would be out of the way for my lover and I to be married privately, without asking any consent? My parents cannot object any more than they could to the other match, and we do not want to wait, or have a big wedding? Nevertheless, it is due your parents that you should consult them. If there is any objection to the young man they will not be likely to oppose your choice. Even if they should, it is your duty to tell them of your purpose, and wait until you are of age before thwarting their wishes. Probably they will induce you in as private a wedding as you please; but it will be more to your credit to be married with their knowledge, than to be married clandestinely."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

"My niece can scarcely regard my daughter, my adopted daughter"—emphasizing the words, pointedly—"as a usurper. My part of the Trefethen estate in France, Beatrix will of course inherit. My personal property in this country, I shall dispose of as pleases me; and I understand, thoroughly, how to punish any one who shall so far forget good-breeding as to slight my tiny niece." "It is impossible that any one could do that," said Griffiths, gracefully. "Miss Trefethen is a charming lady."

"Certainly!" assented the judge, and the announcement of dinner terminated the slight unpleasantness upon which the trio had drifted.

"Guardy, aren't you coming to see me soon?" asked Sydney, when the guests were about making their adieu.

"I shall come to Mrs. St. Martyn's 'breakfast,' yes."

"Ah, but that seems so far away! nearly a week! You must come to luncheon sooner; I am so lonely without you!"

"Are you not happy, little girl?"

"Happy, oh, yes! But I miss my father confessor! Then I want to hear all about yourself, and the new home and studio!"

"Mrs. St. Martyn will bring you to see that, I hope," turning to Elinor, who was coming toward them.

"To your studio? I should be pleased to do so."

"And the pictures, Guardy," continued Sydney. "Aren't you lonely with them gone? What do you work on, now? Have they been sold?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! Who bought them?"

"Mr. Trefethen. He concluded the purchase of them to-day; so my agent told me."

"Oh! with prolonged emphasis. 'Is not that nice, Mrs. St. Martyn?'"

"I can scarcely agree with you," answered Elinor, gravely. "I was so anxious to possess them myself, that it will be a matter of serious regret to me to have them hang in any other parlor than mine. Cannot you persuade Mr. Gillette that I shall consider it a great honor if he will make me a copy of 'Womanhood' at any price?"

"Of course he will!" laughed Miss Trefethen. "Why should he not? Why did he not sell you the pictures?"

Elinor's eyes met Lucien's and seemed to repeat the question, but there was a look upon the artist's face that startled her. She could not define it, and hesitated to change the subject, but, more than ever Gillette's attitude toward herself baffled her. And it was not until the morning of her "breakfast" that they again met, despite Sydney's expectation of an earlier visit from her friend.

That entertainment was a pleasant affair, and settled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's entrance into society would prove a success. The girl's beauty and liveliness found friends for her rapidly, while Mrs. St. Martyn's chaperonage, and the rumor that steady gained ground that she was not only the adopted daughter but the heiress of the eccentric old Frenchman, gave her prestige.

"Really, Mrs. St. Martyn, you have taken us all by storm. These pictures of yours," laughed Ralph Webb. "And, oddly enough, I cannot tell myself of the impression that I have seen her before; and find myself trying to remember where."

"Perhaps I can assist your memory," remarked Mrs. St. Martyn, with smiling composure. "Have you not seen Mr. Gillette's picture, Maidenhood? Miss Trefethen's features and beauty are reproduced there, though not quite her expression."

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think of that! I recollect perfectly the young girl in the painting, and that her style is identical with Miss Trefethen's."

"I understand that Octavien Trefethen has painted twenty thousand dollars' worth of pictures," observed Colonel Russell. "I presume Gillette thinks his fortune made. But the old gentleman must have bought them from some strange whim—perhaps the resemblance of the faces to this little beauty he has adopted; or, one else would have paid such a sum. I cannot agree with the bravos of the public, and the flattery of the art-critics, that proclaim those two paintings such masterpieces."

"No doubt your artistic discrimination is very nice, colonel; but I have been so foolish enough to offer more than ten thousand dollars for a copy of the second picture of the pair," said Elinor's clear, cool voice. "It was a matter of deep regret to me that I failed to secure the painting."

"Mr. Gillette," said Griffiths, "this Gillette has friends!" exclaimed the colonel, with a light laugh.

"And never man deserved them more!" replied Mr. Webb, warmly. "Years ago his every prospect in life was blighted. Instead of dreaming over his betrayed love and shipwrecked hopes, like a sentimental idiot, he determined to fight fate and his own heart. Without money, influence, or friends, he started upon his new career. There was no one to encourage him—not one in all the world to smile with love and pride upon him if he mastered circumstances, and developed genius, and conquered fate, as other men's mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts smile upon them for any good achieved; and yet he persevered in his undertaking, and stands before the world a man to be honored. He has acquired a rapid fame at the last, but not undeserved; for he has toiled long and faithfully at his profession, and endured physical privations of which we cannot dream, before he reaped the smallest recompense for his work; though his genius, by teachers abroad, had long been conceded."

"Quite a romance!" said Griffiths Gillette, lightly, while Elinor's cheeks and lustrous eyes betrayed her intense interest in what she had heard.

"Yes, quite!" retorted Mr. Webb, placidly. "And I have told you actually all that I know, so spare me any questions, please."

"Why that adjuration?" Mrs. St. Martyn is the only one who has heard your story, and we know that she is superior to the foibles of her sex."

"Do we?" asked Colonel Russell, in a meaning undertone. "Did you not notice how her eyes flamed, when she told her story? She has discoursed this paragon, Gillette! Such betrayals of interest are new for the stately lady."

"Mrs. St. Martyn is in a position where she can well afford to take an interest in struggling genius, and assist it, if she chooses, without betraying herself open to any unpropitiously foolish suspicions," replied Griffiths, coolly dismissing the subject.

But the annoyance the colonel's words had engendered was not as easily disposed of; it being increased later, when, after the other guests had departed, and Griffiths had indulged in a delicious half-hour of flirtation with Sydney, the couple found Elinor and Gillette in Mrs. St. Martyn's favorite ebony and amber parlor, conversing as genially as old friends. Elinor's attitude—her head lying against the jetty velvet that bordered the back of a low luxurious lounging-chair, and hands folded idly in her lap—expressing perfect rest and contentment; while Lucien sat easily among the satin cushions of a Turkish lounge, one arm and foot lightly about little Myra, and the beautiful orphan!

"Why, Myra! I'm jealous of you!" exclaimed Sydney, laughing, as she entered the salon.

"You need not be, little girl," responded Gillette. "How tenderly he called her that; and how happy his face was as he made a place for her at his side. Elinor's heart gave a passionate, rebellious throb. Why was this man so loved? And why did she seem more alone in the world than the tiny Myra and the beautiful orphan! She turned to Griffiths with a mad desire to read devotion to her in his eyes at least. Instead, he, too, watched the happy group upon the lounge, half-piqued that the girl who had coquetted with him so recently a moment since could turn to this man with such warm affection and utter forgetfulness of any other.

Elinor's rising was a sign for the dispersing of

the party; and her manner, as she shook hands with the artist, was quite changed from the way which had so charmed him as they sat and looked in each other's eyes and talked like near companions. Again she was the splendid, wealthy, haughty Mrs. St. Martyn.

Sydney, will you go down with Mr. Gillette? I think he will excuse me—I have to devote a half-hour now to business, if my counselor can spare me that time."

"Certainly," said Gillette, seating himself, but with perceptible indifference in his tone. "Something is the matter with the boy?"

"Is he grieving because I sent his pretty cousin away?"

"Nonsense, Elinor! It only annoys me that I am always disappointed in what I am constantly seeking to discover—that I am any more to you than any other man!"

"Not jealous, Griffiths!" Then suddenly arising, and standing before him with grave face and clasped hands, she said, calmly: "You ought to know you are more to me than any other man, for you are my betrothed husband!"

In an instant Gillette's arms were about her waist, and his passionate, warm brown eyes looked into hers.

"My darling Elinor! My queen!" he said, pressing a few slow, burning kisses upon her lips and brow.

The beauty submitted to the caress rather than returned it. There was no answering emotion, only a half-kindly acceptance of the passion he wasted upon her. Letromme went to his study, where he had kissed Sydney. "Now let us turn our attention to business. Surely, you have some news for me, to-day. I sickened of this suspense."

"So little, and so little promise of obtaining more, that there might almost as well be none. That Canton has completely escaped us! I fear we shall be obliged to drop the whole affair, unless we hear from one of our advertisements soon. And I shall be glad. I do not like you to be troubled by it."

"It must not drop!" said Elinor, imperiously. "With experienced detectives, surely we ought not to be quite baffled. What have you learned?"

What further of Mrs. Letromme's history had been discovered, was soon told. With a providence unusual to their profession, she and her husband appeared to have accumulated a comfortable little fortune. The latter had died in California, after which Mrs. Letromme went to New Orleans, where she lived a comparatively private life, frequenting the theaters, and talking politics with the city officials who came by degrees to make her rooms a rendezvous. She was said to be a brilliant conversationalist, and devoted all her leisure to political intrigues. But her health was delicate, and at last her physician confessed to her that her lungs were badly diseased, and she must soon die. From that time she lost interest in politics and her political associates, became gloomy and reserved, and suddenly gave up her room, drew considerable money, and started for New York. Once after, she telegraphed to a gentleman in New Orleans for money.

That is the extent of the information we obtained there. Not the people she lived with, nor one of the political comrades she gathered about her, knew more of her history than we do now. I have sent an agent to California, but I fear with ill luck success."

"And the dead ones that sleep?"

"Miss Dora has been kept under strict espionage. But her ways are serene and above suspicion. If you still wish it, I will have one of my men secure board there, though, really, I think your dislike of that girl is groundless."

"I do wish it," said Elinor, decidedly. (To be continued—commenced in No. 486.)

THEMES OF SONG.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Where shall the minstrel find a theme?

Where'er a rock doth rear its head,

Where the panther makes his nightly bed,

And winds thro' the tree-tops moan—

Where a monument points to heaven,

Thro' sunshine and thro' storm,

Where a bright deed, in kindness given

To some brave, true heart warm—

Where a mighty one hath been laid low,

In his glory and renown,

With the wreath of fame upon his brow,

A fadless laurel crown—

Where a cottage hearth hath stood,

That now in ruin lies,

A shrine of beauty, pure and good,

That hath witnessed fond heart-sighs—

By a wanderer's lonely grave,

Afar from the haunts of men;

Where murmuring pine-trees wave,

In a lonely forest glen—

On the tented battle-plain,

Where sentinels their vigils keep,

'Mid the wounded and the slain,

And the dead ones that sleep—

There may the themes of song be heard,

When the battle is lost and won,

And the soldiers' hearts within are stirred

At the glorious deeds that are done.

Stream after stream glides swiftly on

To the ocean broad and vast;

So like bright deeds, in kindness done,

On earth forever they last.

A Woman's Pride.

BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

"RACHEL CHENEVIX!"

"I mean just what I say."

"I delivered myself

courtly of this reply to my aunt's

exclamation of my name, being in my

chamber doorway, my bonnet and shawl

slung over my shoulder, and my

figure drawn to its height and my features

fixed in the firm lines of resolution. I

was quite calm; the determination I had

come to was rather soothing than excit-

ing. Anything, in fact, that I had

done in such a way as to have caused

such a scene as I had just witnessed

was a source of great satisfaction to me.

The time had come when struggle was

easier than acquiescence. I had put aside

stony disappointments I had endured and

gone single-handed to work to defeat

defeat.

Aunt Rachel examined me with a kind of

alarm, looking up from the newspaper she

grasped in both hands. Good, quiet soul, it

had never vexed her much to quit the life of

restless, triumphant action, and to be

gloried in pinching poverty, we were lead-

ing; but, to me, the change had been like

the slit in a vein through which life slips

slowly but surely away.

"An intelligent, middle-aged woman?"

My aunt spoke the words as though they

perforated her ears. She was quoting

from an advertisement in the paper, which

I had handed her with the information that

I had applied by letter for the situation of

"companion" specifically named in the

ad. "Oh, Rachel!" she concluded, in a distressed

tone.

"You don't mean to imply that I'm not

intelligent?" I asked, with a sort of bitter

levity.

"That would be a reflection upon

Madame Grandvois's diploma. As for my

age, I was half fifty yesterday," and a smile

froze upon my features as I looked fixedly into the

glass opposite.

Aunt Rachel sighed; it worried her so to

see in these exasperated moods.

"You don't know what you're

undertaking," she said, faintly.

"I shall find out," was my prompt

answer.

"I know it's dull for you here," she

continued, in a pleading tone, "but then we

are independent, and we have every

necessity. By going into a strange family as the

'companion' of an invalid you will subject

yourself to all sorts of slights and annoyances, besides having

to work for strangers, which is a great deal

harder than working for one self. Oh, Rachel, I never did think you would do such a thing!"

My poor aunt was getting hysterical. It seemed that she had taken up the burden of sensitiveness and pride which I had so suddenly and scornfully flung down. I did not answer her complaints; they had roused my recollections, and thought was leaping along the tumultuous current of the past, wholly unmindful for the moment of the present.

"Five years!" I muttered, below my breath. It was five years since I had stood in the heyday of youth and beauty and success, before my mirror, and swept back the folds of my rose-colored *moiré*, and settled the curls and circled my fair white throat, and thought with a flush of exultation, that my lot in life could hardly be more dazzling and delightful.

Strange, mocking thought for one standing that very moment upon the brink of mortal disappointment and disaster! How well I remember the Rachel Chenevix whom the mirror reflected that night; tall, sparkling, imperiously molded—ah! I might well remember.

While I stood there, a film had seemed of a sudden to go over the mirror, settling into the shadow of gray, haggard face. I had turned with a start, and found my father standing at the door.

"Did I frighten you, Rachel?" he asked, with a little, nervous laugh.

"Why, no, I thought you were," I said, feeling coming over me, "are you sick?"

"No; not at all, not at all," he said, in an annoyed, impatient way. Then he stroked his forehead.

"Are you going out to-night?" he tried evidently to rally, but there was something convulsive in his tone.

"Yes. To Mrs. Van Lee's, you know."

"Oh, of course. Well—" he turned as if to go away. I saw that he staggered.

"What has happened? What ails you?"

He looked at me vaguely, as though he but half understood me. Then, seeming to take in my dress and ornaments, a miserable smile, which had more a contortion than a smile, crossed his face.

"That is right," he said, with a hysterical chuckle. "Hold your head up with the best of them, Rachel. You can do it a little longer."

taking my hands into his, which were clammy and cold, "a little longer," he said, in a hoarse voice, and flinging my hands from him, fairly flying along the passage to his room and shutting his door sharply.

I stood a moment bewildered before I followed; then I knocked on his door. There was no answer, and in a moment, I let me

into his room, and found him lying on his back, his face pale as death, his hands cold, and his breathing very faint. I went to his head, and found it resting on a pillow, and his eyes closed. I touched his forehead, and found it burning hot. I touched his pulse, and found it very faint. I touched his throat, and found it very dry. I touched his hands, and found them very cold. I touched his feet, and found them very cold. I touched his face, and found it very pale. I touched his hair, and found it very dry. I touched his neck, and found it very stiff. I touched his arms, and found them very stiff. I touched his legs, and found them very stiff. I touched his body, and found it very cold. I touched his soul, and found it very lost.

"Go away, go; I can't be so worried to-night; wait a moment, in a kinder tone, 'Good-night, Rachel!'"

Only for one thing I am sure I should not have gone from home that night. But my motive was irresistible. I went back to my dressing-room and found my father's words. There, but one conclusion before me, there could be but one construction of his agitation. I can't tell how it was that my instinct assured me of this; but there was a hot pressure upon my brain, and whispers seemed to be stinging my ears, and a phantom to confront me with the news: "Your million of money is gone."

I was practical and worldly enough to know the value of money well; and yet, with this conviction of its loss fastened upon me, and with the terror which my father's action had inspired, I wanted, with a blind, contradictory cry of termination, to go to Mrs. Van Lee's ball. I put my wrappings around me and went again to my father's door. There was no answer. I could not hear a stir. I stifled the dread I felt, some way; sent word to aunt Rachel that I was ready, and we drove off.

I was very gay that night. Every once in a while the thought of what my wretched father had said about holding my head up with the best of them, came into my mind, and then I laughed at myself, and gave myself up more completely than ever to excitement and frivolity.

I can confess now, without emotion, that I saw Cassel Wayne who brought me to that ball. I had heard some report about his coming away from the country, that day, which had served to make me realize what I had not realized before, that I was in love with him. With a pang I reproached myself for having trifled with him.

There were sharp traces of self-control in his expression; a revolt of all the torture it had taken to so mangle a human form; devoid alike of symmetry and intelligence; the bony skin stretched over the projecting bones, the eyes glaring, idiotic; I had never seen anything so dreadful. Mr. Dallas recalled me to myself.

"This is my wife, Miss Chenevix," he said, in a tone of haughty displeasure, as though to remind me that I had no business to be exhibiting my surprise; "you perceive that she is a great sufferer."

"Mrs. Grymes, you will give Miss Chenevix an idea of her duties before you go, I hope."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said the bony woman in the window. Mr. Dallas, however, approached the bed, which was hung with soft, cloudy lace, and parting its folds, said, in a voice which was authoritative though tender:

"Marion, Miss Chenevix is come."

I was close beside him, and for all my nerve, a thrill went through me at sight of the woman on the bed. Her age was impossible to conjecture; without data one would have been doubtful about her sex. Shrunken, diseased, distorted, she shivered, drawing up to her sunken crown; her spine curved, her arms paralyzed and attenuated, her thin fingers with their sharp, sickly growth of nails giving her hands the look of claws; and, worse than all, her face, hung around with short, straight hair, and bearing the expression of a revolt of all the torture it had taken to so mangle a human form; devoid alike of symmetry and intelligence; the bony skin stretched over the projecting bones, the eyes glaring, idiotic; I had never seen anything so dreadful. Mr. Dallas recalled me to myself.

"I thought he looked confused."

"I expected you would ask me why I am so glad of the opportunity," he said, after a minute's pause.

"I am constitutionally incurious," I answered, looking at him with feeling, my heart beat with heavy blows, and yet vaguely oppressed by his manner.

"And in this case probably indifferent," he added. His words displeased me. He seemed constrained, constrained himself.

"Inference is every one's privilege, Mr. Wayne," I answered.

"A privilege they often exercise at their cost. That is their own look-out."

"Of course," he said, with a freezing smile. "I felt bewildered. I asked myself, What does it mean? Has he inferred that I do not care for him? And I blushed to have consciousness answer, impossible! But, what did he mean? He had inferred that I had loved him in a manner more than he ever meant! Oh, no; that would have been too cruel, too base. Suddenly, my father's face seemed to shift across the scene before me, as it had across the glass. The thought shot through my mind that perhaps Cassel Wayne knew! Knew what? That which I did not really know myself; that horrible something that seemed to put a mask upon every face I met; which made my father look at me so strangely; my lover so coldly.

I thought of the precious moment passing; somebody will be laying claim to you, and I have still to say 'good-by.'"

"Good-by!" I echoed again; my voice was tense and bitter, almost beyond control.

"But in the mean time," he added, with apparent effort, "I have a moment to spare; somebody will be laying claim to you, and I have still to say 'good-by.'"

"Good-by!" I echoed again; my voice was tense and bitter, almost beyond control.

"But in the mean time," he added, with apparent effort, "I have a moment to spare; somebody will be laying claim to you, and I have still to say 'good-by.'"

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A WALK IN SUMMER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

In pensive meditation I alone
Walk by this rivulet's course.
By far I'd rather walk than ride, I own,
—Besides I have no horse.

The lovely flowers are springing 'neath my feet,
And very well they may,
'Most anything that heart these footfalls beat
Would try to spring away.

The airy breeze meandering around
Upon my brow blows cool.
With ten-cent hat of straw that brow is crowned
Like those boys wear to school.

The summer sun lets go and falls quite hard.
I wonder if it broke?
The birds pipe their lays for my reward
And I—well, I pipe smoke.

I've left the city with its hated streets,
Its sorrows and regrets,
I've left the busy throng of men one meets,
The want, and, (hem)—the debts!

And here along this silvan brook I wend,
Free, being charged no toll,
For if I was I haven't got a cent
To save my earthly soul.

All Nature seems alive. Nature to man
Her shoulder never shrugs.
There are a thousand voices in my ear—
Besides a couple of bugs.

I watch the little fishes in the creek
At back and forth they flit.
My heart aches for them till it's nigh to break
Poor things! they must be wet!

I'd like to take a few in just to dry—
My feelings are so tender,
But the only pin for bait that I have by
Is fixed to my suspender.

The air is regal with the odorous scent
Of flowers by the marge,
And so to-day with my nose I'm content—
Although it's rather large.

This is a day to make the heart expand—
My rest is rather tight,
And loveliness I see on either hand,
With dirt, they're far from white.

On this, my only bank, I now recline,
And go to sleep in peace,
Where every reader of this rhymed line
No doubt already is.

The Condor-Killers;

OR,

WILD ADVENTURES AT THE EQUATOR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH,
AUTHOR OF "SNOW-SHOE TOM," ETC.

VIII.

TOGETHER AGAIN—A BREAKFAST INTERRUPTED.

NICHOLAS stood drenched and unarmed on the bank of the Amazon. Before him the stream, now covered with the broken branches of palm and not a few beautiful large flowers, that told in mute language of the passage of the porpoises on the preceding night, moved as sluggish as of yore, and behind him stretched a forest deep, dark and full of death. It was from its depths that the cry of the puma had come.

As yet, Nicholas knew nothing of the fate of his companions, Elgardo and Jack. Fortunately, perhaps, they had not conveyed all their things to the floating island; the Peruvian boy had made a cache somewhere in the forest, in which three rifles and a good supply of ammunition had been placed, but alone, and with landmarks erased by the terrible storm, Nicholas knew that he would never be able to find the spot. But he did not despair.

The cry of the puma grew more frequent and distinct, and the solitary boy at last caught sight of a grayish body moving through the *abris* of trees and plants that littered the aisles of the forest. With a river before him and a puma behind, the young adventurer was placed in a very annoying position. But he prepared to meet the latter.

Seizing a heavy branch that lay almost at his very feet, Nick turned squarely upon the "false deer," and braced himself for the combat.

"Not as long as I can fight will I give up!" he said, defiantly. "Come on, my good *sassu arana*, and we will fight for the championship of the Amazonian valley."

At this juncture the wily animal changed to see the antagonist waiting calmly for him cudge in hand, and crouched to the ground.

He was now not more than thirty yards from Nicholas, who had made up his mind that the animal was in a proper condition to attack man. As he looked he saw that the beast was gliding along on his belly, after the manner of its species, with its eyes fixed intently upon him.

"I'll give you the best I've got!" said the boy, anxious for the battle, inevitable as he thought, to be on. "Come on, and let us finish this matter."

As if endowed with understanding, the puma gave a lightning spring forward and landed on the ground almost within reach of the boy's stout cudgel. Nicholas raised the club; but involuntarily started back. The animal was crouching at his feet as it was, but the eyes were not so fierce as the orbs of the enraged puma; on the contrary, Nicholas fancied that they gleamed with the light of recognition, and this fancy was confirmed by the movements of the puma's tail.

"By my life! the beast is wearing a collar!" suddenly cried the boy, spying a collar resembling tanned vicuña hide about the puma's neck. "The animal is not in its wild state; but has been an Indian's pet. Come here, my fellow Albino had a pet puma."

At mention of the mad condor-killer's name, the puma bounded forward, and with a low white crouch at Nick's feet.

"Pava! Pava!" cried the boy, with rising joy, and the animal rose on its hind feet, uttering whines of delight.

"Where is your master?" asked Nicholas, stroking the beautiful hide of the beast, which could be none other than Albino's companion.

But the puma continued to manifest his pleasure in meeting the boy, and the young reader may imagine the thankfulness that pervaded the youth's breast, for the bloodless termination of his encounter with the animal.

"Now," thought he, "if I could but find Elgardo and Jack, how happy I should be again! How happy! for to be alone in an Amazonian forest is one of the most unpleasant situations in which a man can well find himself."

But fortune was about to grant Nicholas another favor, for while he yet stroked the puma's hide, he heard a loud shout, and turning saw Elgardo and Jack. For a moment the youth could scarcely credit the evidence of sight; but he bounded forward and was soon in the arms of his companions.

They had been carried down the stream on a portion of the island which had been broken into fragments by the violence of the storm, and considered their escape one of great moment.

Elgardo was startled by the appearance of Albino's puma in that spot; but saying that the condor-killer could not be far off, he announced himself ready to hunt for the cache. But the finding of the desired spot was no easy task for the young guide, for, as we have already mentioned, the storm had rendered the forest a perfect wilderness of broken branches and detached sips. The Peruvian boy, however, found a few of his landmarks, and at last, to the joy of the two boys, the lost cache was discovered.

Not only found, but Elgardo announced that it had not been disturbed—not even by the prying and pillaging monkeys—and once more the trio grasped good guns.

"Breakfast first!" said Elgardo; but the two boys looked at him in surprise.

Breakfast when the forest was still for not even a macaw was to be seen. But Elgardo smiled at their look, and mysteriously said that a good breakfast was not far off.

Bidding the boys gather a quantity of dry

sticks, the young guide plunged into the woods, and the report of his gun was soon heard. Not long afterward he was seen returning with a queer animal thrown over his shoulders, and, to the boys' surprise, he cast at their feet not a young deer, but an ill-shaped, black-faced monkey. Elgardo hastily said that his prey was the macaco harrigudo monkey, the largest one in America; and that its flesh was considered a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and Nicholas were averse to tasting the meat of the creature; but when the guide with his salmons offered them a nicely-roasted hunk, their ravenous appetites carried the day, and their aversion vanished.

Pava, the puma, fell to with keen relish on the part assigned to him by Elgardo, and the meal was progressing with satisfaction when the guide looked up and then sprung erect.

"Another storm!" cried Nicholas.

"Yes; but not the poro-roca!" answered Elgardo. "Listen! *el tapir*!"

Silence on the trio's part was not necessary to enable them to hear the noise that was approaching from the north. It seemed as if a squadron of cavalry was charging through the forest.

At once rifles were lifted, and the adventurers prepared to receive the new foe.

"*El tapir* is not very dangerous," Elgardo said. "But if you do not get out of his way, he will run over you—that's all. When he is running with *el tigre* on his back, he is furious. *Santasima!* here they come!"

Sure enough, the makers of the confusion that filled the forest had hove in sight. It was a herd of tapirs—fifty or more—plunging along in the awkward gallop peculiar to that animal.

"They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.

"No!" answered Elgardo, who had been watching the movements of the animals from the first. "They have turned aside a little: look, *señor!* *el tigre!* *el tigre!*"

Clinging to the thick neck of one of the foremost tapirs, with his teeth and claws buried in the rhinoceros-hide, was the largest specimen of the jaguar ever seen in the woods of South America.

The cause of the tapirs' flight or stampede was now apparent. The watchful jaguar had darted upon the leader of the herd from his station in a tree, and they were rushing for the river beneath whose waters they would dive, and rid themselves of the striped enemy.

With heads bent low and eyes full of fire, the tapirs rushed on.

"I'll treat *el tigre* to a shot, and, if I can, do *el tapir* a service!" said Nicholas, calmly lifting his weapon, and waiting till the herd came within gunshot.

"May the Virgin guide your bullet, *señor!*" ejaculated Elgardo.

The plunging herd which at first threatened to run the three young hunters down, was now passing to their left on their road to the river.

They were within easy gunshot; but the motions of the animal that carried the jaguar were such as to render Nick's shot very uncertain. But the boy took a steady aim, and when he thought he had caught "the bead," touched the trigger.

A cry from Elgardo announced that the shot had told, and the boy-marksman with flushed face saw *el tigre* fall from the neck of his chosen victim! Down among the plunging pachyderms he went, and disappeared; but only for a moment.

When the tapirs passed on our friends saw the terror of the Amazonian forest lying still on the ground, crushed by the feet of the frightened herd. When the trio reached his side they found him dead; the true aim of the boy Nimrod had sent the bullet through his heart!

"Bravo, Nicholas!" shouted Jack, patting his young friend on the back. "My first condor and your first tiger will never be forgotten. Hark! what was that?"

"Nothing," said Elgardo, with a smile. "*El tapir* has taken to the water!"

But the boys looked, and saw the herd plunge beneath the waves of the Amazon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

Through Fire and Water.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

A LONG stretch of yellow sand—the white surf, picturesque with bathers—the smiling sea—these things, blue sky, with its fleecy cloud-ships!

Stretched at full length on the sand, beneath the shade of an umbrella, is the figure of a man remarkable for symmetry and strength. His features are of delicate, patrician mold, his eyes clear and constant in gaze.

"Al," remarks the friend sitting beside him, "I give you given in your allegiance to La Grande yet?"

"No," replies the other, in a deep, rich voice. "You painters are a self-complacent set," affirms Joe Vesey, with a touch of impudence.

"Confound you! the biggest lion of you all is only a sort of hand-organ attachment—without disparagement to present company!"

"Just so!" assents Al Westernman. "Pray don't apologize. Our race is like the bassett-rat that attracts the small boys to the show."

"Exactly. Well, La Grande has a new attraction this season, and she'll be sure to hunt you up, that don't deserve it. Now, if I didn't push my way, I might stand in the background forever!"

"And what is to be seen 'upon the inside'?" asked Al, affecting the *patois* of a showman.

"A modern Juno, as proud as her ancient prototype. To her, hearts are but eggshells."

"No doubt. How beautiful!"

But the remark was cut short by a shout, followed by the screams of fainting women and moans of terror from others who retained their consciousness. And the scene of merriment was suddenly transformed into a spectacle of wildest confusion and dismay.

Out on the sea a wild-eyed man was swimming toward the shore as if for dear life. White lips said that the woman he had been floating had gone down.

The occupants of the life-boats, at some little distance, were beating the water with their oars, and shouting at the top of their lungs.

In an instant Al Westernman was on his feet. He learned that the appearance of a shark had occasioned all this dismay, and that out there over the waves, a woman was deserted by her companion and left to drown.

Boots and coat were off in a twinkling. Then a man with flying hair was seen to rush down the beach and plunge into the surf.

A momentary submersion, and he appeared, swimming with might and main, his head high out of the water, his eyes flashing.

Without a glance he passed the craven, and swam on until he held a limp form in his arms. Then he turned and battled for the shore.

One hero makes many; and men who had fled before, now waded to their necks in the sea, to meet the bold swimmer, and relieve him of his burden.

But he declined their proffered assistance, and, though staggering with exhaustion, bore up the beach to a bathing-house the woman he had saved.

After one glance at that perfectly molded and now marble-like face, he jealously guarded her from any hands but his own.

The frightened bathers gathered around him, and followed him, and he heard a voice say:

"It is Miss Atherton, Mrs. La Grande's protégée!"

Standing there in the moonlight with her woman's drapery falling about her in graceful folds, she was very Juno-like in height and symmetry of stature, and in queen-like carriage. But there was a look of exquisite distress in the white face which she shaded with her fan, and a suspicion of tears in her eyes, that he comprehended with the haughty character of the goddess.

Al Westernman stood with clenched hands, white lips, and pained frown.

"Miss Atherton," he was saying, in icy tones, "my mistake is that of the sculptor who loved a bit of beautifully-fashioned marble. I thought you had a heart! you have effectively dispelled the delusion. Good-evening."

He turned on his heel and left her with a firm, uncompromising tread, that Mars might have envied.

And then, without a murmur, this Juno sunk swooning to the ground!

It was half an hour before she came to, of her own accord, and crept into the house.

It was the old story—he was a poor painter, and she had been true to the teachings of that society of which her aunt, La Grande, was a dazzling representative.

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!"

The cry rung through the crowded hotel. Then dense clouds of acrid smoke filled all the avenues of escape, enveloping the mass of struggling human beings, converting those once peaceful corridors into a pandemonium, where death flapped his ebony wings and terror froze the blood with his awful cries.

The jostling crowd in the street stared helplessly at an inaccessible window which framed a vision as beautiful as a poet's dream. And stretching forth her hands, the woman gazed in agonized appeal to her fellow-creatures who were powerless to do aught but pity.

Then up the stairway, where the red tongues of flame lapped the rail which his hand grasped, came a man who threw his life in the balance, taking no thought of self.

A few shouted directions—a few rapid movements—and he held her in his arms with a wet towel wrapped about her head.

Then down through that fiery simoom he bore her, now sinking upon his knees, struggling up again, staggering, reeling, to fall on his face on the pavement, only after he had reached the pure air and safety.

"Oh, fudge! for the man—"

"He will be hideously scarred for life, and his right hand will never wield the brush again!" So said rumor.

Grace Atherton went to him in his darkened room, and on her knees beside his couch, with tears streaming from her eyes, said:

"Dear Albert, once you asked me for my love; and though my heart was bursting with love for you, my pride crushed it. Now my heart humbles my pride, and I come to sue for your love and forgiveness!"

Need we record his answer?

Rumor, as it often does, had exaggerated Al Westernman's hurts. He was not scarred for life; neither did his right hand forget its cunning. And to-day those hands who had reached side by side through fire and water make as handsome a couple as one need wish to see.

"Capt. Kidd's Treasure; OR, THE GUEST'S DREAM."

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

"THERE'S a guest for you to entertain, there in the sittin'-room, Maria, and you'll do your best for supper, for we're both uncommon hungry!"

"Granger, bustle in here, bustle in here, bustle in here, where Mrs. Granger, a buxom little rosy-cheeked matron, was preparing the evening meal, "a real spruced-up chap, too, whom I met at the bank. Money! why, molar, he's got a wallet full of bills, and said he'd pay well for a couple of rest of quiet in the country. Won't you put out, will it?"

"No, Seth, though I could have wished he'd not come until after Jennie had come home on her vacation."

"Oh, fudge! we can manage that all right. Jennie loves her parents too much to have eyes for a stranger. And, bless my soul, if here isn't the gal, now!"

At a pretty young lady of eighteen, stylishly attired and graceful in every movement, entered the evening. "Why, deary, what did you come down upon us?"

"I arrived this afternoon, and mamma and I had arranged to give you a surprise, but I couldn't keep out of sight," replied the blushing girl, as the big-hearted farmer gave her a respectful bow.

"No! no! I knowed it; when papa's around darter couldn't stay away. And now, gal, don't ye go and set your cap for the chap in 't'other room, for we don't know much about him, except they say he's powerful rich."

"I'm not going to set my cap for him, but I'm going to the best in the house while he stays, and with this injunction the good farmer bustled out of the house to stable his fat sleek bays and do the chores, leaving Jennie to assist Mrs. Granger in preparing the evening meal, for of course little extras and dainties had to be added to the farmer's table that night, in honor of Jennie's visit, and the presence of a wealthy stranger.

Jennie was the only child of the Grangers, and having finished a liberal education, was a student in the high school of a neighboring city, from which she now was to take her first vacation in a visit to the good old farm, which was very dear to her as a cheerful home.

Her father, a fine-looking man, endowed with Nature's gift of personal beauty, and also as pure and beautiful in heart and principles as she was in person. And they were not few that recognized Jennie's gifts and womanly worth, in consequence of which she had many suitors even among the upper class of B—, but, owing to her love for her parents, and the dear old homestead, she was still heart-free, and the nicest little girl in a county of towns, as Farmer Granger secretly commented, as he reentered the house from the barn, and saw her graceful form flitting around.

"Purty? Bless me, there's not a farmer along the valley as kin beat her; an' then she's got the brain, too, with plenty of education to back it, if I do say so. Here, Maria, can't ye show this young lady a safe nook till the morning?" and the farmer handed his wife a little tin sack, ornamented with a tiny padlock.

"What! didn't you put it in the bank, Seth?" Mrs. Granger exclaimed, nervously.

"No, I got the money for the farm, but didn't git to the bank soon enough to deposit it, afore they closed up for the day. Tomorrow'll do just as well."

"I know, Seth, but three thousand dollars is a great sum to keep in the house over night, and a stranger here, too."

"Sh! don't speak so loud. I guess it will be all right, though I do wish I'd got the pesky stuff in the bank. The guest in 't'other room is above suspicion, however—a clear gentleman!"

And so Mr. Granger appeared, when the whole family of Grangers made him welcome. He was well educated, refined, and polite.

Was a New York broker, he stated, who, wearied of business and its accompanying torments, had fled for a few days to the country to recruit. And if his gentlemanly ways and handsome blonde-mustached face won favor in the eyes of the good farmer and his wife, they kindled the heart of Jennie—sweet, modest little Jennie, into positive admiration. Of all men, and of all things, she believed that the man and the woman were just the one for her, she thought.

And evidently Mr. Ardmore took more than usual interest in the little beauty, for he lengthened his stay at the cozy farm-house into the edge of October, with its russet and brown, and orchards and vineyards of lovely fruit.

While the farmer and his wife looked on, and saw how matters were going—the mother anxious, but the genial, big-hearted farmer content to let things shape for themselves, for he said, often:

"There's no use o' frettin', Maria; ye see our Jennie's clear gone on the feller, an' why shouldn't we be satisfied, when she's makin' a big match; for I writ to cousin Barton, in New York, an' he says Mr. Ardmore is as rich as old Croesus, an' mighty popular, too."

"I know, Seth," Mrs. Granger would say, as she ceased coring apples, to gaze into the ruddy

depths of the birch-fire, "and maybe it's all right, but I'd rather Jennie took one o' our farmer boys here in the valley. They're more like our line."

"Fahaw, woman! You're fifty year behind in yer notions! Et Ardmore's got the tin, he's the chap for Jennie. And if the gal succeeds in gittin' him, I'll make over to her that three thousand dollars I sold the old place for."

And so matters went on, and the time passed, and Jennie and Gerald Ardmore were much together, and learning with eagerness the lesson of first love—at least Jennie was, unconscious that she was taking the initial step to a broken heart.

While the glorious autumnal days sped by and waned, in daytime the lovers wandered in the forest and by the running stream; at the eventide they sat in the cheery farm-house with Farmer Granger and his wife, and passed the evening by telling stories, and partaking of both bread and butter, and chestnuts, rosy-cheeked apples, and such cider as only the good farmer was so fortunate as to have.

And it all seemed like a dream, or a captivating romance to Jennie, happy, innocent little girl.

Ardmore was a genial fellow, and had a large stock of quaint yarns and incidents to relate, all of which the farmer and his wife enjoyed, in their free and easy way.

"And by the way, Mr. Granger!" the guest said, "as they sat one evening before the roaring fire, 'you have a piece of wooded swamp, I see. How much will you take for it?'"

"Eh! what will I take for it? Why, bless you, if you want to buy, I'll let you have it for cheap. Farly sold it, once before, and have the papers all drawn up. What'll you give?"

"I'll make you an offer of fifty dollars for it," replied Ardmore.

"And I accept!" cried the farmer, delighted. "It's a bargain."

And so it was, for the proper papers were drawn up and signed, and the farmer received a fifty-dollar note for his two acres of worthless swamp.

"And now," Mr. Ardmore said, "I'll tell you why I purchased the land, that you may be relieved of your curiosity. I have to return to the city to-morrow, and I wish to investigate before I go. You've no doubt heard of Captain Kidd's treasure—fabulous stories have been told of a hoard of gold and silver buried on a night, but I never paid the least attention to such trash, until I came to stop with you, since when I have had many dreams that a portion of Kidd's treasure was secreted in a hollow tree in this identical swamp I have just purchased. The conviction has worked upon me, night and day, and I made up my mind to test the truth or falsity of the dream, by investing fifty dollars. As I have to depart to-morrow, we will go search early in the morning."

And they did go, the guest and whole Granger family—found a hollow tree in the swamp, and the farmer cut it down.

And the discovery came that the dream was true!

Two bags of silver were found in the hollow stump, which on count yielded thirty-five hundred dollars in silver coin, all bright and tempting in appearance.

Of course Ardmore was overjoyed, and so were the Grangers.

"It is such a pity that the treasure was not in paper!" the New York broker said, in seeming perplexity. "I could take it to the city with me, and put it in the bank."

"Now see here!" Farmer Granger said, opening his big heart; "I think I see a way out of the mire. I've got three thousand in the B— bank, an' I can let ye have it, and keep the wuth of it in silver. I allus did like hard money, an' then I can pay it out on a new farm I'm about purchasin'!"

"And so it was arranged. There was a fearful parting, for a few short weeks, between Jennie and her lover, that morning, and then Ardmore and Farmer Granger drove over to B—.

Here the handsome broker received three thousand in greenbacks in exchange for the Kidd's treasure, and giving the honest farmer a cordial hand-shake stepped aboard the cars and was sped away—where to?

A corps of competent detectives are just now agitating this question, but without success, for a certain notable shaver of the "queer" is laying low; while in the Granger farm-house the good farmer sits and "stomps" over his ill-luck; but even his loss is not half so painful as Jennie's—poor Jennie, whose "love's young dream" has come to such a strange ending.

For know ye, reader kind, that the Kidd treasure was all counterfeit coin, not worth above its weight as lead!

A Texan Mine.

BY BERT L. THOMPSON.

I HAD bought a deserted cattle ranch in North-western Texas, and, finding leisure from other business, went there to inspect my purchase. It had been an unlucky place to its previous owners, but I felt it something pleasant to know myself possessor of a sweep of rolling prairie-land which extended for miles, and the freedom and vigor of the open-air life had irresistible charms for me.

"I never was half a man before," I said, enthusiastically to Hans, my stolid German assistant. "I wouldn't give up the ranch to-day for twice what I gave for it."

"If he settles not for you!" grunted Hans.

"He? Who? Oh, it—the place, you mean, for I was sometimes misled by his mixture of pronouns. How do you expect such a thing as that to happen?"

"I'm not so coaxing to make the reticent fellow speak out his mind, but it was evident that he had a superstitious feeling on the point. The ranch had a bad name, I learned at last. It began when one Quattrell had owned it, and secured the country around with a set of hard associates, one of whom in a falling out with his host, had knifed him on his own ground. And of the three men who had succeeded him, every one had met with a violent death inside of the boundary line. It was evident that Hans looked upon me as a doomed creature, he was shy of keeping too close company with me as the days went on; and so it frequently happened that we saw nothing of each other from the time we parted in the early morning until we met for the night—a state of affairs I had occasion both to regret and rejoice over as you shall see."

One day found me alone in what we called the north tract, chasing a scattered score or so of cattle which bore my brand but had proved themselves too wild to be gathered into the general drove. I believe Hans was of the opinion that they were bewitched. Two yearling calves from their midst had disappeared unaccountably from the corral where a part of the herd had been imprisoned, in such a manner that he was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was a fine one, and I was not about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched headforemost from the saddle, and falling through an unknown depth with a crash to the bottom of one of those pits or manholes which are common in the section. These are generally recognized as deserted mines, though by whom commenced or for what purpose in a region where the precious metals are certainly unknown, has never received a satisfactory explanation. I was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was a fine one, and I was not about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched headforemost from the saddle, and falling through an unknown depth with a crash to the bottom of one of those pits or manholes which are common in the section. These are generally recognized as deserted mines, though by whom commenced or for what purpose in a region where the precious metals are certainly unknown, has never received a satisfactory explanation. I was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was a fine one, and I was not about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched head